Public Speaking—*By* Senator Albert J. Beveridge

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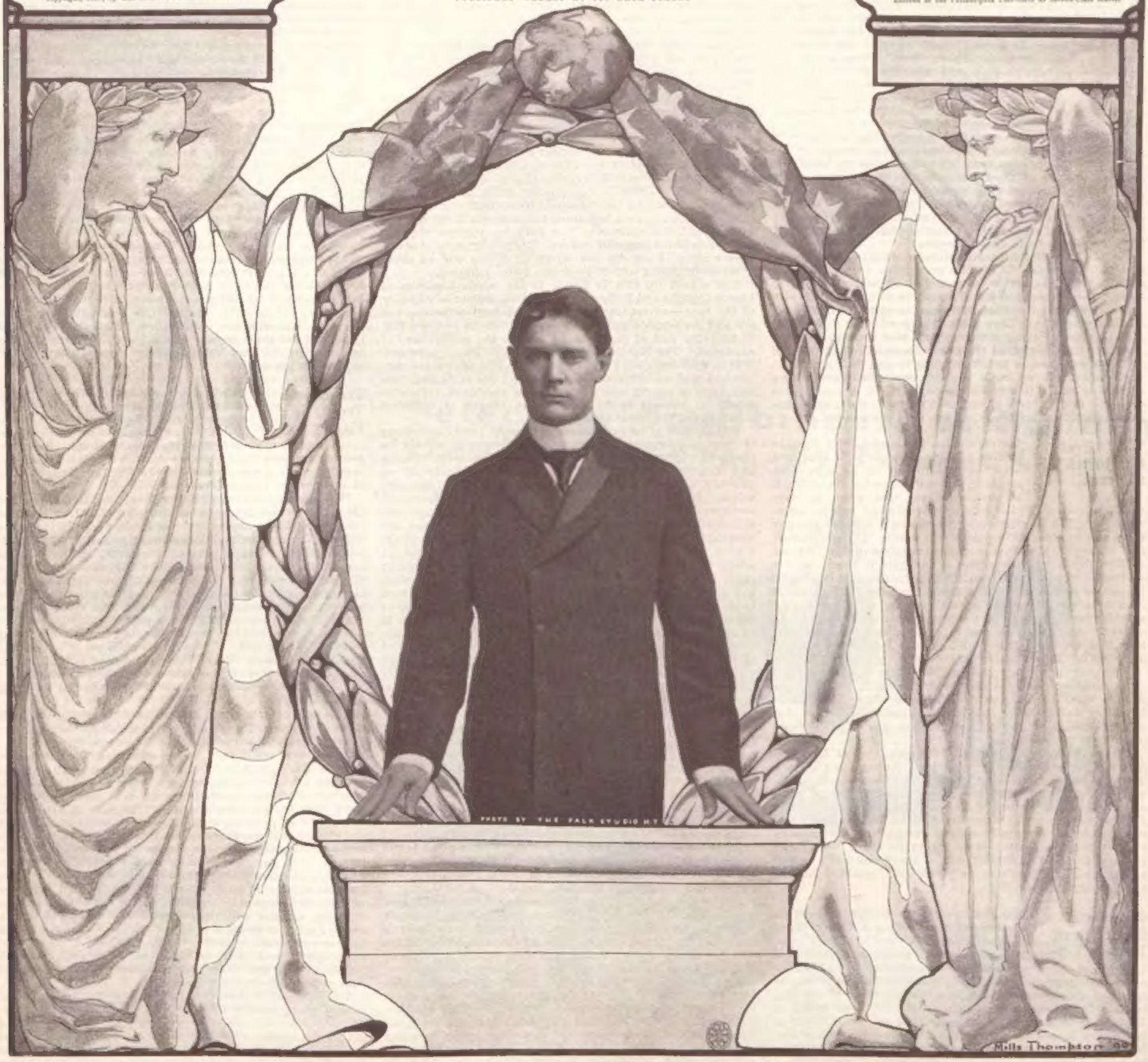

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PUBLIC SPEAKING

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

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AND the common people heard Him gladly," for "He taught them as one having authority." These sentences reveal the very heart of effective speaking. Considered from the human viewpoint alone, the Son of Mary was the prince of speakers. He alone has delivered a perfect address—the Sermon on the Mount. The two other speeches that approach it are Paul's appeal to the Athenians on Mars' Hill and the speech of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg. These have no tricks, no devices, no tinsel gilt. They do not attempt to "split the ears of the groundlings," and yet they are addressed to the commonest of the world's common people.

Imagination, reason and that peculiar human quality in speech which defies analysis as much as the perfume of the rose, but which touches the heart and reaches the mind, are blended in each of these utterances in perfect proportion. But, above all, each of these model speeches which the world has thus far produced, teaches. They instruct. And, in doing this, they assert. The men who spoke them did not weaken them by suggesting a doubt of what they had to say. This is common to all great speeches.

Not one immortal utterance can be produced which contains such expressions as, "I may be wrong," or, "In my humble opinion," or, "In my judgment." The great speakers, in their highest moments, have always been so charged with aggressive conviction that they announced their conclusions as ultimate truths. They speak "as one having authority," and, therefore, "the common people hear them gladly."

All of this means that the two indispensable requisites of speaking are, first, to have something to say, and, second, to say it as though you mean it. Of course, one cannot have something really to say—a lesson to teach, a message to deliver—every fifteen minutes. Very well, then; until one does have something to say, let one hold one's peace.

What Gives the Right to Speak

Carlyle's idea is correct. He thought that no man has a right to speak until what he has to say is so ripe with meaning, and the season for his saying it is so compelling, that what he says will result in a deed—a thing accomplished now or afterwhile. In the prophetic old Scotchman's iron philosophy there was no room for anything but deeds. If such instruction is needed; if a great movement requires the forming and constructive word to interpret it and give it direction; if a movement in a wrong direction needs halting and turning to its proper course; if a cause needs leading; if a law needs interpretation; if anything really needs to be said—the occasion for the orator, in the large sense of that word, has arrived. And, when he speaks, "the common people will hear him gladly"; they will hear him because he teaches, and does it "as one having authority."

Whenever a speaker fails to make his audience forget voice, gesture and even the speaker himself, whenever he fails to make the listeners conscious only of the living truth he utters, he has failed in his speech itself, which, then, has no other reason for having been delivered than a play or any other form of entertainment.

As a matter of fact, very few of the great orators have had loud voices, or if they did have them, they did not employ them. I am told that Wendell Phillips seldom spoke in any voice but a conversational tone, and yet he was able to make an audience of many thousands hear distinctly; and Phillips was the greatest speaker America has produced. It is probable that no man ever lived who had a more sensuous effect upon his hearers than Ingersoll. In a literal and physical sense he charmed them. I never heard him talk in a loud voice. There was no "bell-like" quality. It was not an "organ-like" voice.

Beecher's Speech to an English Mob

The greatest feat of modern speech, in its immediate effect, was Henry Ward Beecher's speech to the Liverpool mob. A gentleman who heard that speech told me that, notwithstanding the pandemonium that reigned around him, Beecher did not shout, or speak at the top of his voice, a single time during that terrible four hours. It is true that Æschines spoke of Demosthenes' delivery of his Oration on the Crown as having the ferocity of a wild beast. I do not see how that can be, however, because Demosthenes selected Isæus as his teacher because Isæus was "businesslike" in method.

This, however, is common to the voices of nearly all great speakers; they have a peculiar power of penetration that carries them much farther than the shout and halloo of the loudest voiced person. They have, too, a singularly touching and tender quality which, in a sensuous way, captivates and holds the hearers. James Whitcomb Riley has this quality in his voice when reciting. Julia Marlowe has it. Olga Nethersole has it to the very highest degree. Madame Modjeska has it nearly as much.

It is a remarkable thing that there is neither wit nor humor in any of the immortal speeches that have fallen from the lips of man. To find a joke in Webster would be an offense. The only things which Ingersoll wrote that will live are his oration at his brother's grave and his famous, The Past Rises Before me Like a Dream. But in neither of these productions of this genius of jesters is there a single trace of wit. There is not a funny sally in all Burke's speeches. Lincoln's Gettysburg address, his first and second inaugurals, his speech beginning the Douglas campaign and his Cooper Union address in New York are, perhaps, the only utterances of his that will endure. Yet this greatest of story-tellers since Æsop did not adorn or deface one of these great deliverances with story or any form of humor.

The reason for this is found in the whole tendency of human thought and feeling—in the whole melancholy history of the race—where tears and grief, the hard seriousness of life and the terrible and speedy certainty of our common fate of suffering and of death, make sombre the master-cord of existence. The immortal things are all serious—even sad. It is so with speech—I mean the speech that affects the convictions and understandings of men. I am excluding now that form of speech which is merely a species of entertainment. It belongs to the same class, though of a higher order, as the theatrical exhibition.

Where there is an earnestness of thought (and earnestness is only another name for seriousness) there will always be the same quality in manner—an impressiveness in bearing and delivery. This is inconsistent with merriment of delivery, which robs speech of a certain weight and intrinsic worth. It is also inconsistent with the voice of storm and the hurricane manner. And men in deadly earnest do not talk loud. It has been my fortune to see men angry and aroused to the point of killing; they were intense but quiet. I have also seen that bravado and drunken boisterousness which thought it imitated, and meant to imitate, genuine rage; it is always strident and violent, never dangerous, never sincere. The same thing is true in speech. There have only been two or three rorarers in effective oratory—Mirabeau, by all accounts; and Demosthenes, if Æschines is to be believed, which I think he is not to be in this particular. He was only excusing his own defeat, and he had to attribute it to delivery (I think any unprejudiced mind will agree that Æschines made far the better argument). All the other great speakers have, even in their most intense passages and in situations where life and death were involved, been comparatively quiet.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the first great speaker I ever heard. It was Robert G. Ingersoll delivering a lecture in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1884. He had an audience which would have inspired eloquence in almost any breast. He came on the stage alone and was very carefully and elegantly attired even to the smallest item of his grooming. His address was in manuscript and imperfectly committed to memory. He laid it down on a little table at the back of the stage (returning to it occasionally to refresh his memory), and then, in a very natural and matter-of-fact way, walked to the footlights and, looking the audience frankly in the eyes, began without an instant's hesitation and in a voice precisely as if he were talking to a friend.

But he was as dramatic at his climax as Edwin Booth ever was in Hamlet. His face paled or seemed to pale; his hands clinched with a desperate energy, and the whole attitude of the man was that of one in awful wrath; and yet his voice was not raised above the common current of the evening's address—if anything, it was lower. While the mature mind cannot endure Ingersoll's rhetoric, it must be acknowledged that his manner of delivery (except when his levity made him coarse) was nearly equal to that of Wendell Phillips. Both of these men had that instinctive taste of the great speaker, which Shakespeare has described better than any one else in literature, when he makes Hamlet tell the players not to "mouth it, as many of your players do. I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it."

When I was a very young boy I saw a fist-fight which impressed me as powerfully as any lesson I ever learned at school. An over-tall and powerful man about forty years old had become very angry at a medium-sized but very compact man of about the same age. As his passion increased his violence grew until, finally, he was shouting his denunciations. The little man stood quietly and also stood pat. Finally, with a great volume of sound, the big man rushed upon the little one with arms swinging in the air and I looked with interest and curiosity to see the smaller man either run or be demolished. He did neither. His fists were raised, quickly but intensely, before him, and, when the big man was almost upon him, it seemed to me that his right hand did not shoot out further than ten or twelve inches—but it did shoot out and the result was as if the big man had been shot sure enough. He fell like a slaughtered ox, but rose and came on again, only again to be knocked out. This continued for three or four times, for the giant was game, but, finally, he was "thrashed to a standstill," as the expression has it.

The Lesson Taught by a Fight

It was a great lesson in life and a great lesson in speaking, which is only a phase of life. The victor came to the point. He did not dissipate his energies. It is so in the manner of speaking. The greatest contrast to the perfect method of Ingersoll which I ever beheld in a man of equal eminence was in the delivery of a lecture by Joseph Cook.

He came on the stage with ostentatious impressiveness. He sat some time before he was introduced. After introduction he stood with one hand thrust in the breast of his tightly buttoned frock-coat, and looked tremendously all over the audience for, perhaps, an entire minute. Everybody was awed. He looked so great. We all said to ourselves, "What a mighty man this is!" And, when that effect had been produced upon us, the first and great point of effectiveness had been destroyed—the speaker had made us think about himself, his manner, his appearance, his personality. All the evening we had to wade through that slough, trying to follow his thought. And this reminds me of a saying of Charles G. Dawes, one of the most astute politicians and most capable public men of recent development, which is:

"The surest sign that a man is not great is that he strives to look great."

I think the best speech I ever heard for obedience to the rules of the art was an address of about ten minutes by a young Salvation Army officer on the streets of Chicago. I listened with amazement. He was perhaps twenty-three years of age, with delicate, clear-cut features, sensitive mouth and marvelously intelligent eyes. I was just passing the group as he stepped into the circle that always surrounds these noisy but sincere enthusiasts. He took off his hat, and in a very low, perfectly natural and very sweet voice, speaking exactly as though he were having a conversation with his most confidential friend, he began: "You will admit, my friends, that human happiness is the problem of human life." And from this striking sentence he went on to another equally moving, showing, of course, that happiness could not be secured by traveling any of the usual roads, but only the straight and narrow path which the Master had marked out. It was as simple as it was sincere. And it was as conversational as it was quiet. Before he had finished his audience had gathered into itself every pedestrian who passed during his discourse—business man, professional man, working man or what not.

The fight above described suggests the key to the matter, as well as the manner, of speaking. The American audience properly demands, above everything else, that the speaker get to the point. Our lives are so rapid; the telephone, telegraph and all the instantaneous agencies of our neurotically rapid civilization have made us so quick in seeing

through propositions; a hundred years of universal education have produced a mentality so electric in its rapidity that effective oratory has been revolutionized within a decade.

Burke would not be tolerated now. It is doubtful, even, if Webster would. The public had already tired of the lilt of Ingersoll's redundant rhetoric, pleasing as was its music. Speech must now be a statement of conclusions. The listeners, with a celerity inconceivable, sum up the argument on either side of the proposition you announce, and accept or reject it by an almost unconscious process of cerebration.

The most successful speech of to-day would be one of Emerson's essays rearranged in logical order—if such a thing were possible. Therefore, in matter, the statement is the form of address most effective to-day. Senator McDonald, the greatest natural lawyer I ever knew, told me that the best argument in a case was always the statement of the case. This is true on the face of it, of course. In form, the sentences should be short; in language, the words should be as largely as possible Anglo-Saxon. These are the words of the people you address; therefore, they are most influential with them. Also, therefore, your best method of getting Anglo-Saxon is to mingle with and talk with the common people. Also, therefore, the next best method is to read the Bible, the King James translation of which is undoubtedly the purest fountain of English that flows in all the world of our literature.

What nonsense the repeated statement that public speaking has had its day, that the newspaper has taken its place, and all the rest of that kind of talk. Public speaking will never decline until men cease to have ears to hear. How hard it is to read a speech—how delightful to listen. Speaking is Nature's method of instruction. It begins with the mother to child; it continues with teacher to pupil; it continues still in lecturer or professor to his student (for the universities are all going back to the old oral method of instruction); and it still continues in all the forms of effective human communication.

Oratory More Powerful than Newspapers

The newspapers are a marvelous influence, but they are not everything and they do not supply everything. For example, it is commonly supposed that they absolutely and exclusively mould and control public opinion. But they do not. When all has been said, the most powerful public opinion, after all, is that from-mouth-to-mouth public opinion—that living, moving opinion which spreads from neighbor to neighbor, and has fused into it the vitality of the personality of nearly every man—yes, and woman; don't forget that—in the whole community.

And the philosophy which underlies this is what makes public speaking immortal. The Master understood this very well and that is why He chose to speak by word of mouth rather than by writing epistles. The Saviour never wrote a single epistle—no, not even a single word. He spoke His message. Think of a gospel announced to the world in cold type! Absurd, is it not? It may be repeated in that form; but its initial power must come from the spoken word and vital personality of its author. But it was not "extemporaneous." All His life He had been preparing His few sermons—lessons.

The great speakers to whom I have listened have confirmed certain conclusions upon the subject of speaking at which I arrived while in college. It seemed to me that the college method of speaking was wrong because it was irrational—that the studied gestures, the "cultivated" voice, the staccato impressiveness, were all artificial devices to attract the attention of an audience to these things instead of to the thought of the address.

Analysis of the problem convinced me that an audience is only a larger person—a great collective individuality—and, therefore, that whatever, in manner and matter, will please, persuade and convince a person, will have the same effect upon an audience. Hence, one readily deduces that a simple, quiet and direct address, a straightforward, unartificial, honest manner, without tricks of oratory, is the most effective method of lodging truth in the minds of one's hearers.

Any affectation, any mannerism, detracts from the thought because it calls the attention of the listener to the mannerism or affectation, when his whole attention should be monopolized by the thought. Read Herbert Spencer on the Philosophy of Style, and apply his reasoning to the delivery of an address, and you have the rationale of the art of speaking, as well as of speech, put with that wonderful thinker's unerringness.

The method commonly employed in preparing speeches is incorrect. That method is to read all the books one can get on the subject, take all the opinions that can be procured, make exhaustive notes and then write the speech. Such a speech is nothing but a compilation. It is merely an arrangement of second-hand thought and observation and of other people's ideas. It never has the power of living and original thinking.

The true way is to take the elements of the problem in hand and, without consulting a book or an opinion, reason out from the very elements of the problem itself your solution of it, and then prepare your speech.

After this, read, read, read, comprehensively, omnivorously, in order to see whether your original solution was not exploded a hundred years ago—aye, or a thousand; and also, to fortify and make accurate your own thought. Read Matthew Arnold on Literature and Dogma and you will discover why it is necessary for you to read exhaustively on any subject about which you would think or write or speak.

But, as you value your independence of mind—yes, even your vigor of mind—do not read other men's opinions upon the subject *before* you have clearly thought out your own conclusions from the premises of the elemental facts.

And as to style, seek only to be clear. Nothing else is important.

Consider the method of the Saviour in His addresses to the people. Next to Him, those perfect specimens of the art of putting things are the speeches and epistles of St. Paul. I know of nothing in literature so clear, convincing and logical. The words of the Master astonish one with their absolute unity with all the rules of effective address. Especially His method of driving home a truth by repeating it, and that, too, in exactly the same words, is noticeable and very effective. He did not fear that He would be tiresome; He was concerned only in being clear. Take the following examples:

Matt., Ch. 7:

24. *Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:*

25. *And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.*

26. *And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:*

27. *And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.*

Or study this:

Matt., Ch. 5:

29. *And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast* it *from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not* that *thy whole body should be cast into hell.*

30. *And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast* it *from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not* that *thy whole body should be cast into hell.*

Or this:

Matt., Ch. 25:

34. *Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:*

35. *For I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in.*

36. *Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.*

37. *Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed* thee? *or thirsty, and gave* thee *drink?*

38. *When saw we thee a stranger, and took* thee *in? or naked, and clothed* thee?

39. *Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?*

40. *And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done* it *unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done* it *unto me.*

41. *Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:*

42. *For I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:*

43. *I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.*

44. *Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?*

45. *Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did* it *not to one of the least of these, ye did* it *not to me.*

Consider Anthony's funeral oration over the dead body of Cæsar and note the same mastery of the art of repetition.

But like all powerful weapons it is dangerous to one who is not a natural speaker. It might easily be fatal, for remember that we are advised to "use not vain repetition as the heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking."

Power of the Religious Element

I doubt if any man can be a great speaker who does not have in him the religious element. I do not mean that he shall be good (one may be good and not religious, or the reverse, as any professor of mental and moral philosophy will tell you); but that he shall have in him that mysticism, that elemental and instinctive conviction of the higher power and its providence which makes him in sympathy with the great mass of humanity. Emerson has pointed out that the great speaker—yes, and the great man—is he who best interprets the common feeling and tendency of the masses.

The profoundest feeling among the masses, the most influential element in their character, is the religious element. It is as instinctive and elemental as the law of self-preservation. It informs the whole intellect and personality of the people. And he who would greatly influence the people by uttering their unformed thought must have this great invisible and unanalyzable bond of sympathy with them. I will let your preacher work this out more elaborately for you.

One word more; and to this word listen and hearken and bind it on the tablets of your understanding. *Insincerity cuts the heart out of all oratory.* You may marshal your arguments and concoct your pretty devices of words and work yourself into a great heat in the speaking of them; but if you do not believe what you say you are only a play-actor after all—a poor mummer reciting your own lines. You had far better be a professional actor—that will, at least, insure you excellent lines to declaim.

To effect anything; to achieve a result; to make your words deeds, as the old Scotch thinker declared they should be or else not be uttered, you must *teach*. And in your teaching you must teach "as one having authority." To the Master we must go, after all, even for our methods of utterance; and at His feet learn that oratory is the utterance of the truth by one who knows it to be the truth. And so will your words be words of fire and your speech have weight among your fellow-men.

Editor's Note—Senator Beveridge's next paper, entitled The Young Lawyer and His Beginnings, will appear in an early number of The Saturday Evening Post.

Selecting Spellbinders at National Headquarters. *By* Forrest Crissey

OUT on the "stump," bowing to the applause of a responsive audience, the campaign "spellbinder" appears a master of men. In the moment of his oratorical triumph there is a fire of pride in his eye, a glow of splendid excitement on his face that any king might well envy. Seen through this glamour there is nothing in the typical campaign speaker to suggest that he was ever less than the proud and triumphant being that he appears in the eyes of his applauding auditors; but, if the speaker were to make a clean breast of it, he would confess to having found one place where he was covered with humility "as with a garment." And that place is the Bureau of Speakers at National Headquarters.

Getting off his morning's mail

True, many enter with undaunted self-assurance the place where the spellbinders who go out under the authority of the national organization are tried, selected, "primed" and drilled; but, generally speaking, the greater their wealth of egotism the larger is the burden of humility which they carry away with them. This, however, is never the result of harsh or overbearing treatment, for the two men who select the "oratorical timber" for the National Committees of the Democrat and Republican parties are fine types of the political diplomat and perform their delicate tasks so gracefully as seldom to leave a sting.

Both the chiefs of the two great armies of campaign spellbinders are Ohioans. Mr. Henry C. Hedges, who enlists and directs the oratorical forces of the Republicans, is a prominent lawyer of Mansfield, while Daniel McConville comes from Steubenville. Mr. Hedges has been connected with the bureau of which he is now the head for three national campaigns, and Mr. McConville began service in his present capacity in 1896. They are, however, veterans in every phase of campaign experience and served their apprenticeship in the fierce State contests which have been characteristic of Ohio politics.

The army of speakers who besiege the doors of these two men and urge their claims to be "placed" in the national ranks is a large one. It is a slow day which does not bring a hundred candidates for oratorical honors to either of the National Headquarters, and the average is close to two hundred a day. The written applications brought in by the mails are about equal to the number of those made personally, and the standard of those who offer their services by mail is very high, many of the letters being from men who know that their reputations are sufficient to secure the success of their applications without the necessity of a personal examination.

Passing on the Merits of Orators

While the methods of determining the efficiency and character of the applicants are by no means unsystematic, and imply careful examinations and records, the main reliance of the two chiefs is upon their personal judgment of the candidates. First impressions carry great weight with the men who select the orators for the national party organizations, and they depend more upon their ability to read human nature than upon the results of any categorical examination. Sometimes they make mistakes, but these errors of judgment occur but rarely, and the general correctness of their readings of character entitles them to be regarded as masters in "sizing up" the abilities and the peculiarities of the men who represent the oratorical talent of America "in the raw."

A principle enforced by the daily experience of these judges of spellbinders is expressed in the homely adage that "You can't tell by the looks of a toad how far he will jump." Rough diamonds of oratorical talent are at a premium at National Headquarters, and it is recognized at the speakers' bureaus that the best spellbinder timber is often clothed with a shaggy bark. Silk hats, spotless linen, white ties and faultless Prince Albert suits do little to assure the candidates of acceptance.

One stump orator of highest rank, whose services are in demand in every doubtful State and who receives an enviable remuneration for his efforts, illustrates the acumen with which the chief of the speakers' bureau looks beyond the clothes and discerns what is latent in the man. Among the hundreds of applicants that thronged Mr. Hedges' office, in a former campaign, was a young man in a dusty slouch hat and a pepper-and-salt suit. His trousers were baggy and the coat would not have been too long for a man only two-thirds as tall as its wearer, who had an athletic figure and broad shoulders which threatened to burst the seams of the garment at any moment.

Examining a promising spellbinder

But the man who wore these garments had a bright, piercing eye, a shock of black hair, a rich, deep, resonant voice, and a reserve force of mental and physical energy which instantly caught the approval of the man who was to accept or reject him for the National Republican Committee. A few searching questions established his party soundness and drew from him the names of a dozen men of prominence in his home community who could speak with authority regarding his moral character and his standing as a man and as a partisan.

Then followed another series of inquiries which established the fact that he was thoroughly rooted and grounded in the arguments and doctrines of his party and could make an able defense of his political faith against attacks from almost any standpoint. His personal character, his party loyalty, his knowledge of issues and arguments, his general "address" and his voice were all in his favor. One vital point in his equipment as a spellbinder, however, was still undetermined. That was his ability to "think on his feet."

The diplomatic chief of the oratorical bureau then asked his caller if he would like to "help out a little down in the Stockyards district" while his application was under advisement. This suggestion was eagerly accepted and he was given an appointment for the following evening to address a meeting down on "The Dump."

Sharp Test of Wit and Readiness

He had scarcely left the room when Mr. Hedges instructed a lieutenant to attend the meeting and interrupt the young orator with two or three "posers" selected from the list of "catch questions" prepared by the Democratic experts for the confusion of Republican speakers. The report of this lieutenant, orally rendered the following morning, was brief but convincing.

"That man's all right!" declared the emissary from headquarters; "I put one question at him and he made me feel as cheap as a boy who'd run his hand into a buzz saw. The crowd went right up through the roof when he got back at me and hooted me out of the place. Oh! he'll do—no mistake about that!"

Meantime the men named as references by the young speaker had been consulted by wire and their telegraphic replies were satisfactory. This brought the chief of the bureau face to face with the most delicate and disagreeable part of his problem and put all his powers of diplomacy to the test. In a confidential and fatherly manner the young man was informed that conventional traditions regarding the dress of speakers could not be ignored by the orators sent out under the dignified auspices of the National Committee. This suggestion was good-naturedly received and brought the frank confession:

"I know my clothes are not exactly what they should be, but I've spent nearly all my money to come here and I can't buy a new suit." The result of this statement was an order on a fashionable tailor for a black Prince Albert suit, the cost of which was advanced on his prospective expense account by the National Committee. His new garments seemed to add both to his physical and intellectual stature, and he quickly demonstrated his rare abilities. Before the close of the campaign he was in demand in the most hotly contested districts of the doubtful States and he is now called upon to address the largest rallies and to speak from platforms shared with the most distinguished leaders of his party. Although his speeches have been repeatedly interrupted by the emissaries of the opposing party, he has never failed instantly to return an answer which squelched his interrupter and turned the tables in his own favor, thus demonstrating the rarest talent a spellbinder can possess: that of thinking on his feet and proving himself capable of turning the most confusing interruption to his own triumph instead of to the comfort of the enemy.

Of a radically different type is the man who expects to be placed on the National Committee's list of speakers on the strength of his scholarly attainments and his ability to prepare a finished and philosophical oration which would do credit to the lecture hall of a university. Few men who belong to this dignified class are able to deliver a speech without constantly consulting elaborate notes, and many of them are completely "lost" unless able to read their address, word for word, from the manuscript. The length of assumption to which a consciousness of high scholarly achievements will sometimes lead these learned men is illustrated by a recent experience at Republican Headquarters.

A middle-aged gentleman, in scrupulous attire, with high, well-rounded forehead and a general air of culture, entered the anteroom adjoining Mr. Hedges' office and sent his card to the bureau chief. The necessity of waiting his turn for an audience was evidently irksome to the scholarly gentleman, but he was at last admitted into the presence of the big, kindly man at the head of the department. With scarcely a word, save the intimation that he desired employment as a Republican orator, the caller placed in the hands of Mr. Hedges two or three rolls of parchment. This was done with an air of well-bred confidence which seemed to say: "You have only to glance at these documents and then eagerly assign me to the best battalion of your orators."

Testing spellbinders

The Tale of the Foreign Graduate

The chief carefully unrolled the "sheepskins" and saw that they were diplomas from leading universities of Europe. The applicant for appointment under the bureau of speakers kept a jealous and almost reverent eye on the precious parchments and then glanced at the face of his host to discern the impression made upon Mr. Hedges by so formidable an array of evidence. The latter appeared duly impressed with the intellectual attainments of his caller, but inquired, in a casual manner:

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Seven years," was the reply.

"Of course you have taken out naturalization papers, and are now a full-fledged citizen of the United States?"

There was a slight change in the manner of the learned gentleman as he hesitatingly answered: "N-no; I have not—although I certainly intend to do so at once."

"What! Have you not even filed your first declaration of intention to become a citizen?" The confused caller shook his head while the shrewd politician came quickly forward with the statement:

"Well, this is not very encouraging, but no doubt you are as carefully informed with regard to the political structure of our Government and the ins and outs of party politics as if you were born and reared in this country. By the way, would you mind telling me by how many Senators the great State of New York is represented in the Upper House of Congress?"

There was a painful pause, but after the lapse of several moments the graduate of two or three foreign universities found voice to reply: "Certainly not less than three, sir."

"And how many Senators does the little State of Rhode Island send to what our Democratic friends call the American House of Lords?"

"Not more than one," stammered the unhappy caller in ill-concealed embarrassment.

Instantly the tactful politician placed the diplomas in the hands of their owner, and in a quiet, kindly, confidential manner told his respect for the attainments to which the parchments testified, but pointed out, with unsparing frankness, the certain failure and disgrace which would result from an attempt, on the part of an unnaturalized foreigner, who could not tell the number of Senators to which each State in the Union is entitled, to teach American citizens their political duties and meet the arguments of skillful and crafty opponents, quick to detect the weak spot in the armor of the most formidable and experienced campaigner.

The scholar listened submissively to his adviser, and replied by extending his hand and giving cordial and humble expression of his thanks for having been spared an ordeal certain to have resulted in defeat and disgrace. He closed the incident with the statement:

"I see the presumption of my position as well as its inconsistency, and I shall immediately take out my first papers, looking toward a complete certificate of citizenship; and that document shall be filed away with my diplomas as a reminder of my narrow escape from a position which would have been keenly distressing."

Occasionally the manager of the oratorical bureau is given a genuine surprise which greatly relieves the monotony of his routine duties. Such an episode recently enlivened the quiet of Mr. McConville's room at National Democratic Headquarters.

He had finished listening to the earnest appeal of a middle-aged minister, anxious to be enrolled among those called to spread the doctrines espoused by the followers of Mr. Bryan, when the usher announced, "Mr. Smith, of Wisconsin." The name of the caller had scarcely been spoken when the dignified chief of Democratic orators was startled by the fall of a heavy roll of manuscript on his desk and the musical ring of a tuning-fork, struck against the back of the chair which had been vacated by the minister only a moment before. Suddenly the room was filled with a vocal tumult, and the author of the latest collection of Democratic campaign lyrics launched with great energy upon an operatic rendering of a musical song, stoutly attacking trusts, Imperialism and the single gold standard. Several moments elapsed before the chief sufficiently recovered from the shock to raise his hand in protest.

Crushing a Musical Wonder

Finally, however, the laughter of stenographers, together with his own appeals, served to turn back the musical tide and allowed Mr. McConville to make the explanation that all musical tests were made by a special committee on music, which would be delighted to listen to a rendering of his brilliant and valuable compositions at ten o'clock the next morning.

It is Mr. McConville's experience that the effectiveness of a speaker is quite generally evidenced by the violence of the opposition aroused by his work. In the campaign of 1896 it came to the attention of leading Democrats that an unknown orator in a certain Western State was making a mighty stir among the people, winning from the Republicans the expressive title of "The Singed Cat." Several letters from Democrats in adjoining counties were soon received, asking that this orator be sent to them, and testifying to the convincing power of his arguments. But, according to the story as it is frequently related in Democratic Headquarters, the supreme test of this spellbinder's power over an audience came when he was addressing a mass meeting in a densely packed skating rink. Mischievous and designing young men got out the village fire engine, hauled it in front of the rink, and pounded its gong with a violence that, for a moment, completely drowned the voice of the orator inside the building. His audience started to stampede, but he checked the movement by a commanding gesture. Then, placing his left hand upon the top of his head, he shouted:

"Right here is where the fire is! And it will not be put out until it has helped to light bonfires that celebrate Mr. Bryan's election."

Not a dozen men left the hall and the triumph of the spellbinder was complete. This year he will do yeoman service in the country districts of the doubtful States, and he is prized as one of the brightest of the many rough diamonds brought unexpectedly to the surface by the great political upheaval of 1896, which saw the retirement from campaign service of many of the most polished and skillful of the old-school orators in the Democratic party.

In the opinion of Mr. McConville, the personality of Mr. Bryan has been the magnet that has drawn to the Democratic stump a new order of oratorical talent, characterized by young blood, by deep sympathy and by the modern spirit of quick adaptability, unhampered by ancient traditions and conventionalities. This condition is indicated, according to his observation, by the remarkable number of ministers of the Gospel who have enlisted in the ranks of the spellbinders, moved by a high sense of duty and a conviction that they must raise their voices in behalf of the doctrines of the new Democracy, or fail to discharge their obligations of conscience.

Another distinctive feature in this peculiar field of activity at National Headquarters is the army of bright young college men who are impatient to try their mettle on the stump. These apply in large numbers at the National Headquarters of both parties, and the proportion rejected is exceedingly small. No young college man need hesitate to make application to Mr. Hedges or to Mr. McConville, for both these shrewd judges of men and of oratorical talent are emphatic in the declaration that the colleges and universities of the present day are turning out better campaign timber than ever before, and that the humblest undergraduate of the big university or the fresh-water college is assured of a courteous welcome and of careful consideration if he chooses to seek a place in the ranks of the spellbinders.

The colleges and universities of the Middle West, in particular, are productive of young men who promise to develop into strong campaigners. Experience and expenses are, generally speaking, the only reward of the young college man who secures an appointment under either National Committee. If he develops unusual talent he may be promoted into the ranks of paid speakers before the campaign is ended. Youthfulness is not a serious bar to the acceptance of the bright young college man. This is indicated by the fact that one of the National Committees has just accepted and sent out under its authority an undergraduate who is only one year beyond his majority.

Women as Campaign Spellbinders

The number of women applying for positions as campaign orators under the management of the National Committee is surprisingly small, and generally the applicants are of an excellent order of talent. Both bureaus employ a limited number of women—not more than a dozen in all—to work in the States having limited Woman Suffrage and also in the larger cities. They are selected with a view to their ability in appealing to the sympathies of the more intellectual class of voters. Very great care is exercised in the choice of women orators, and the same observation applies to the appointment as campaign orators of clergymen. This is from no fear that the cause of the party may be made to suffer through these classes of speakers more than through any other, but because it is desired to throw special safeguards about them in order that they may not yield to the insidious temptation of forgetting for the moment, in the heat of political controversy, that their words must be selected with finer discrimination and that their bearing must be always more dignified and reserved than that of the ordinary politician.

The direct assignment of speakers to particular places is left to the State committees, acting under the general advice and counsel of the National Committee. Rare judgment and tact are required to send the right men to the right places.

The movements and dates of the spellbinders are covered by a card catalogue system, so arranged as to place instantly under the eye of the chief the work planned for every speaker acting under the auspices of the committee. Supposing that it is decided to send a certain speaker to work one week in Indiana, two weeks in Nebraska and one week in Illinois. The chairmen of the local committees are notified of this, and they, in turn, inform the chief of the disposition made of the time allotted, giving particulars as to places, hours and railroad connections. This enables the chief to schedule the work for each speaker almost from the beginning of the campaign. There is not a day, however, in the course of the whole political contest in which these schedules are not broken by reason of sickness, accident or failure to make traveling connections. To meet exigencies, an emergency corps of speakers is reserved to fill in the gaps. This, however, is not so easy a task as it might seem, for the speakers who most frequently fail are those highest in popularity with the masses, and consequently most overworked. It will not do to send to a great mass meeting which has gathered to listen to an orator of national reputation a man of less power and popularity than the orator originally billed.

No task, however, requires greater diplomacy on the part of the Bureaus of Speakers than does that of allotting the "star" campaigners—the orators of national fame and popularity. So to distribute these national orators as to avoid giving offense to States which are counted as reasonably sure, and at the same time to give the greatest possible amount of their time to the commonwealths which are reckoned in the doubtful column, is a difficult task.

The Man Who Could Have Told

By A. T. Quiller-Couch (Q)

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IT WAS ten o'clock—a sunny, gusty morning in early September—when H. M. S. Berenice, second-class cruiser, left the Hamoaze and pushed slowly out into the sound on her way to the China Seas.

From the Hoe, on a grassy slope below the great hotel, John Gilbart watched her as she thrust her long white side into view between Devil's Point and the wooded slopes of Mount Edgcumbe; watched her as she stole past Drake's Island and headed up the Asia passage. She kept little more than steerage way, threading her path among anchored yachts gay with bunting, and now and then politely slowing in the crowd of smaller craft under sail. For it was regatta morning. The tall club flagstaff behind and above Gilbart's head wore its full code of signals, with blue ensign on the gaff and blue burgee at the topmast head, and fluttered them intermittently as the nor'westerly breeze broke down in flaws over the leads of the club-house. Below him half a dozen small boys with bundles of programs came skirmishing up the hill through the sparse groups of onlookers. Off the promenade pier, where the excursion steamers bumped and reeked and blew their sirens, the committee-ship lay moored in a moving swarm of rowboats, dingies and steam launches. She flew her B signal as yet, but the seconds were drawing on toward the five-minute gun; and beyond, on the ruffled sound, nine or ten yachts were manœuvring and trimming their canvas; two forty-raters dodging and playing through the opening stage of their duel for the start; four or five twenties taking matters easy as yet; all with jackyards hoisted. To the eastward a couple of belated twenties came creeping out from their anchorage in Cattewater.

All this Gilbart's gaze took in; with the stately merchantman riding beyond the throng, and the low breakwater three miles away, and the blue horizon beyond all. Out of that blue from time to time came the low, jarring vibration which told of an unseen gunboat at practice; and from time to time a puff of white smoke from the Picklecombe battery held him listening for its louder boom. But he returned always to the Berenice moving away up the Asia passage, so cautiously that between whiles she seemed to be drifting; but always moving, with the smoke blown level from her buff-colored funnels, with clean white sides and clean white ensign, and here and there a sparkle of sunlight on rail or gun-breech or torpedo-tube. She was bound on a three-years' cruise: and Gilbart, who happened to know this and was besides something of a sentimentalist, detected pathos in this departure on a festival morning. It seemed to him—as she swung round her stern and his quick eye caught the glint of her gilded name with the muzzle of her six-inch gun on the platform above, foreshortened in the middle of its white screen like a bull's-eye in a target—it seemed to him that this holiday throng took little heed of the three-hundred-odd men so silently going forth to do England's work and fight her battles. On her deck yesterday afternoon he had shaken hands and parted with a friend, a stoker on board, and had seen some pitiful good-bys. His friend Casey, to be sure, was unmarried—an unamiable man with a cynical tongue—with no one to regret him and no disposition to make a fuss over a three-years' exile. But at the head of the ship's ladder Gilbart had passed through a group of red-eyed women, one or two with babies at the breast. It was not a pretty sight: one poor creature had abandoned herself completely, and rocked to and fro holding on by the bulwarks and bellowing aloud. This and a vision of dirty wet handkerchiefs haunted him like a physical sickness.

Milly found him a desperately dull companion

Gilbart considered himself an Imperialist; read his newspaper religiously; and had shown great loyalty, as secretary of a local sub-committee at the time of the Queen's Jubilee, in collecting subscriptions among the dockyardsmen. Habitually he felt a lump in his throat when he spoke of the Flag. His calling—that of lay-assistant and auxiliary preacher (at a pinch) to a dockyard mission—perhaps encouraged this surface emotion: but by nature he was one of those who need to make a fuss to feel they are properly patriotic. To his thinking every yacht in the sound should have dipped her flag to the Berenice.

Surely even a salute of guns would not have been too much. But no: that is the way England dismisses her sons, without so much as a cheer!

He felt ashamed of this cold send-off; ashamed for his countrymen. "What do they know or care?" he asked himself, fastening his scorn on the backs of an unconscious group of country people who had raced each other uphill from an excursion steamer and halted panting and laughing half-way up the slope. It irritated him the more when he thought of Casey's pale, derisive face. He and Casey had often argued about patriotism; or rather he had done the arguing while Casey sneered. Casey was a stoker and knew how fuel should be applied.

Casey made no pretense to love England. Gilbart never quite knew why he tolerated him. But so it was: they had met in the reading-room of a Sailor's Home, and had somehow struck up an acquaintance, even a sort of unacknowledged friendship. Their common love of books may have helped; for Casey—Heaven knew where or how—had picked up an education far above Gilbart's and amazing in a common stoker. Also he wore some baffling, attractive mystery behind his reserve. Once or twice—certainly not half a dozen times—he had at a casual word pulled open for an instant the doors of his heart and given Gilbart a sensation of looking into a furnace, into white-hot depths, sudden and frightening. But what chiefly won him was the knowledge that in some perverse, involuntary and quite inexplicable way he was liked by this sullen fellow, who had no other friend and sought none. He knew the liking to be there as surely as he knew it to be shy and sullen, curt in expression, contemptuous of itself. Had he ever troubled to examine himself honestly, Gilbart must have acknowledged himself Casey's inferior in all but amiability; and Casey no doubt knew this. But in friendship as in love there is usually one who likes and one who suffers himself to be liked, and the positions are not allotted by merit. Gilbart—a self-deceiver all his life—had accepted the compliment innocently enough.

The Berenice cleared the crowd and quickened her speed as the five-minute gun puffed out from the committee-ship and the Blue Peter ran up the halyards in the smoke. Gilbart turned his attention upon the two big yachts and followed their movements until the starting-gun was fired; saw them haul up and plunge over the line so close together that the crews might have shaken hands; watched them as they shook out their spinnakers for the run to the eastern mark, for all the world like two great white moths floating side by side swiftly but with no show of hurry. When he returned to the cruiser she was far away, almost off the western end of the breakwater—gone, so far as he was concerned and whoever else might be watching her from the shore; the parting over, the threads torn and snapped, her crew face to face now with the long voyage.

He drew a long breath, and was aware for the first time of a woman standing about twenty yards on his left behind a group of chattering holiday-makers. He saw at a glance that she did not belong to them but was gazing after the Berenice; a forlorn, tearless figure, with a handkerchief crumpled up into a ball in her hand. Affability was a part of Gilbart's profession, and besides, he hated to see a woman suffer. He edged toward her and lifted his hat.

"I hope," said he, "these persons are not annoying you? They don't understand, of course. I, too, have a friend on the Berenice."

The woman looked at him as though she heard but could not for the moment grasp what he said. She tightened her grip on the handkerchief and kept her lips firmly compressed.

Gilbart saw that, though tearless, her eyes wore traces of tears—no redness, but some swelling of the lids, with dark semicircles underneath.

"To them," he went on, nodding toward the holiday-keepers, "it's only regatta day. To them she's only a passing ship helping to make up the pretty scene. They know nothing of the gallant hearts she carries or the sore ones she leaves behind. If they knew, I wonder if they'd care? The ordinary Anglo-Saxon has so little imagination!"

She was staring at him now and at length seemed to understand. But with understanding there grew in her eyes a look of anger, almost of repugnance.

"Oh, please go away!" she said.

He lifted his hat and obeyed: indeed he walked off to the farthest end of the Hoe. He was hurt. He had a thin-skinned vanity and hated to look small even before a stranger. That snub poisoned his morning, and although he looked at the yachts his mind ran all the time upon the encounter. To be sure he had brought it upon himself, but he preferred to consider that he had meant kindly—had obviously meant kindly. He tried to invent a retort; a gentle, dignified retort which would have touched her to a regret for her injustice—nothing more. Perhaps it was not yet too late to return and convey his protest under a delicate apology: or perhaps the mere sight of him, casually passing, might move her to make amends. He even strolled back some way with this idea, but she had disappeared.

The Berenice had vanished too; around Penlee Point no doubt. He remembered the field-glasses slung in a case by his hip and was fumbling with the leather strap when a drop of rain fell on his hand, the herald of a smart shower. A dark squall came whistling down the Hamoaze; and standing there in the fringe of it he saw it strike and spread itself out like a fan over the open sound at his feet, blotting the sparkle out of the water, while some of the small boats heeled to it and others ran up into the wind and lay shaking. It was over in five minutes and the sun broke out again before the rain ceased falling; but Gilbart decided that there was more to follow. He had not come out to keep holiday, and an unfinished manuscript waited for him in his lodgings—an address on True Manliness, to be delivered two evenings hence in the Mission Room to lads under eighteen. Though he spoke them without manuscript, Gilbart always prepared his addresses carefully and kept the fair copies in his desk. He lived in hope of being reported some day, and then—who could say but a book might be called for?

His lodgings lay midway down a long, dreary street of small houses, each with a small yard at the back, each built of brick, and stuccoed, all as like as peas, all inhabited by dockyardsmen or the families of sailors and petty officers in the navy. Prospect Place was its deceptive name, and it ran parallel with three precisely similar thoroughfares—Grafton Place, Alderney Place and Belvedere Avenue. These four—with the cross-street at the bottom, where the Mission Room stood facing a pawnbroker's—comprised Gilbart's field of labor.

He reached home a little after twelve, ate his dinner and fell to work on his manuscript. By half-past three he had finished all but the peroration. Gilbart prided himself on his perorations, and knowing from experience that it helped him to ideas and phrases he caught up his hat and went out for a walk.

During that walk he did indeed catch and fix the needed sentences. But, as it happened, he was never afterward able to recall one of them. All he remembered was that much rain must have fallen; for the pavements which had been dry in the morning were glistening, and the roadways muddy and with standing puddles. On his way homeward each of these puddles reflected the cold, pure light of the dying day, until Prospect Place might have been a street in the New Jerusalem, paved with jasper, beryl and chrysoprase. So much he remembered, and also that his feet must have taken him back to the Hoe, where the crowd was thicker and the regatta drawing to an end—a few yachts only left to creep home under a greenish sky out of which the wind was fast dying. He had paused somewhere to listen to a band: he could give no further account to himself.

For this was what had happened: as he entered his lodgings and closed the front door the letter-box behind it fell open and he saw a sealed envelope lying inside. He picked it out and read the address.

"Mrs. Wilcox!" he called down the passage. "When did this come?"

Mrs. Wilcox, appearing at the kitchen door and wiping her hands, could not tell. The midday post or else the three o'clock. There were no others. Come to think of it she had heard a postman's knock when she was dishing up the dinner, but had supposed it to be next door. It sounded like next door.

Gilbart took the letter upstairs with him. The address was in Casey's handwriting. "Queer fellow, Casey." He broke the seal in the little bay window. "Just like him, though, to shake hands yesterday without a spark of feeling and then send his good-bys to reach me after he was well on his way." He drew out the inclosure, unfolded it, and saw that the paper bore the printed address of the Sailors' Home where Casey dossed when ashore, and where writing-paper was supplied gratis. "Couldn't have come ashore after I left him: he'd paid his bill at the Rest and his bag was aboard. Must have had this in his pocket all the time; might just as well have handed it to me—with instructions not to open it—and saved the stamp. What a secretive old chap it is!"

He held the letter close to his eyes in the waning daylight.

"*Dear John:* By the time this reaches you we shall have started; and by then, or a little later, I shall have gone and the Berenice with me. If you ask where, I don't know; but it is where we shall never meet.

"You serve your country in your own way. I am going to serve mine. Perhaps I shall also be serving yours; for it is only by striking terribly and without warning that the brave men in this world can get even with the cowards who make its laws.

"One thing I envy you—you'll be alive to see the rage of the sheep. I am playing this hand alone and without help. So when your silly newspapers begin to cry out about secret societies, *you will know*. I never belonged to one in my life.

"I think I am sorriest about the way you'll think of me. But that makes no real difference, because I know it to be foolish. I have the stuff on board and the little machine. I cannot fix the time to an hour up or down; but you may take it for sure that *some time between 10 p. m. and midnight the Berenice will be at the bottom of the sea* with

"Yours, P. C."

He did not light another, but went back to the window and stood there, quite still

While John Gilbart read this there was silence in the stuffy little room, and for some minutes after. Then he stepped to the mantelpiece for the match-box and candle. A small ormolu clock ticked there, and while he groped for the matches he put out a hand to stop the noise, which had suddenly grown intolerable. He desisted, remembering that he did not know how the clock worked—that Mrs. Wilcox, who wound it up religiously on Monday mornings, was proud of it, and—anyway, *that* wasn't the machine he wanted to stop. He found a match, lit it and held it close to the letter.

The match burned low, scorched his fingers. He dropped it in the fender, where it flickered out, just missing the "waterfall" of shavings with which Mrs. Wilcox decorated her fireplace in the summer months. He did not light another, but went back to the window and stood there, quite still.

Down the street to the westward, over the wet roofs still glimmering in the twilight, one pale green rift divided the heavy clouds, and in that rift the last of the daylight was dying. Across the way in the house facing him a woman was lighting a lamp. As a rule the inhabitants of Prospect Place did not draw the blinds of their upper rooms until they closed the shutters also and went to bed; and Gilbart looked straight into the little parlor. But he saw nothing.

He was trying—vainly trying—to bring his mind to it. Nothing really big had happened to him before: and his first feeling, characteristically selfish, was that this terrible thing had risen up to alter all the rest of his life. He must disentangle himself, get away to a distance and have a look at it. His brain was buzzing. Yes, there it rose, like a black wall between this moment and all the hours to come; a brute barrier stretching clean across the prospect. Again and again he brought his mind up to it as you might coax a horse up to a fence; again and again it refused. Each time in the last few steps his heart froze, extending its chill until every separate faculty hung back springless and inert. And there was no getting round!

Why had this happened to *him* of all people? It never for a moment occurred to him to doubt Casey's word. He saw it now; hideous as the deed was, Casey was capable of it—had always been capable of it. Let it go for a miserable tribute to Casey's honesty in the past that Gilbart accepted the infernal statement at once and without suspicion. He knew now that from the bottom of their intercourse this candid devil had been grinning up at him all the time; only his own cowardly, comfortable habit of seeing the world as he wished it had kept his eyes turned from the truth. Men don't as a rule commit crimes; not one man in millions translates himself into a crime of this sort; the odds against his daring it are only to be told in millions. Yet it had happened. Man or devil, Casey never paltered with his creed; if the world differed from him, then it was Casey against the world; a hopeless business for him, yet he would get in a blow if possible. And Casey had got in his blow. The incredible had happened; but (Gilbart groaned) why had it happened to him? In his stupefaction he returned again and again upon this, catching in the flood at that one little straw of self; not inhumanly, as callous to the ruin of others; but pitifully, meanly, because it was the one thing familiar in the roar and din. He cursed Casey; cursed him for betraying his friendship. The man had no right—— He pulled up suddenly, with a laugh. After all, Casey had played the game, had faced the music and would go down with the Berenice. One soul against three hundred and fifty, perhaps; not what you would call atonement; but, after all, the best he had to offer. Wonder how many Samson pulled down with him at Gaza? Wonder if the Bible says?

"Beg pardon, Mr. Gilbart?"

It was Mrs. Wilcox standing in the doorway with his tea on a tray.

"It—it was nothing," he stammered. She must have heard his laugh.

"Talking to yourself? I often hear you at it over your sermons and things; sometimes at your dressing, too; I hears you when I'm in here doing up the room. You'd like the lamp lit, I suppose?" She set down the tray.

"Not just yet."

"Well, it's a bad habit, reading with your meals."

"It's not worth while to bring a lamp. I must drink my tea in a hurry, and run out. I have an engagement."

He heard her go out and close the door. "Casey had no right. It was a betrayal. If the man were bent on this infernal crime—put the atrocity of it aside for a moment—call it just an ordinary crime; . . . but why need he have written that letter? Why involve *him?* Well, not involve, perhaps; still there was a kind of responsibility——"

His eyes had been fastened on the little parlor across the road. The woman after lighting the lamp had set it in the centre of a round table and left the room. Between this table and the hearth an old man sat in an armchair, smoking his pipe and reading a newspaper. The back of the chair was turned toward the window, but over it Gilbart could see the crown of a gray head and small, steady puffs of smoke ascending between it and the upper edge of the paper. A light appeared in the room above; the light of a candle behind the drawn blind. It lasted there perhaps for ten minutes, and once the woman's shadow moved across the blind.

The light went out, and after a minute or two the woman reappeared in the parlor. She carried a work-basket, and after speaking a word with the old man in the chair she set the basket down on the table, drew up a chair and began to darn a child's stocking. Now and then she looked up as if listening for some sound or movement in the room overhead, but after a moment or two began to ply her needle again. The needle moved more slowly—stopped—she bowed her head over the stocking. Gilbart knew why. She was the wife of a petty officer on the Berenice. The old man in the chair went on reading.

All this while a light had been growing in Gilbart's brain, and now he saw. In this street, and the next, and the next, lived scores who had sons, husbands, brothers on board the Berenice; thin walls of brick and plaster dividing to-night their sore hearts and their prayers; a whole town with its hopes and its happy days given into keeping of one ship; not its love only but its trust for life's smallest comforts following her as she moved away through the darkness. And he alone knew! He had only to throw open the window—to fling four words into that silent street—to shout, "The Berenice is lost!"—and with the breath of it windows would fly open, partitions fall down, and all those privacies meet and answer in one terrible outcry. He put up a hand to thrust it away—this awful gift of power. He would have none of it; he was unfit. "Oh, my God!"—it was he, not Casey, who held the real infernal machine. It was here, not in the Berenice, that the levin must fall; and he, John Gilbart, held it in his fingers. "Oh, my God, I am unfit—thrust not this upon me!"

But there was no escape. He must take his hat and run—run to the Port Admiral. The errand was useless, he knew; for all the while at the back of his soul's confusion some practical corners of his brain had been working at the problem of time—was there time to follow and prevent? There was not. He knew the Berenice's natural speed to be eighteen knots. Put it at sixteen, fifteen even; still not the fastest destroyer in the port—following in a bee-line—could overtake her by midnight. And there might be, must be delays. Yet God, too, might interfere; some providential accident might delay the cruise. He must run, at any rate. He picked up his hat and ran.

Now that he was taking action—doing something—the worst horror of responsibility left him for a while; he seemed to have cast some of it already off his own shoulders and on to the Admiral's. As he ran he found time to think of Casey. Casey was doing this thing—not in hatred or in villainy for gain—but because it seemed to him right—right, or at least necessary. Casey was laying down his own life in the deed. How could man, framed in God's image, expect ultimate good out of devilish cruelty? Yet from the world's beginning men had murdered and tortured each other on this only plea; had butchered women and the very babes; had stamped upon God's image and—marvel of marvels—for its soul's salvation, not for their own advantage. At every stride Gilbart felt his moral footing, trusted for years without question, cracking and crumbling and swirling away in blocks. Red flames leapt into the fissures and filled them. The end of the world had surely come; but—he must run to the Admiral! He kept that uppermost in his mind, and ran.

The windows of the Admiralty House blazed with light. The Admiral's wife was giving a dinner and a dance, and already a small crowd had gathered to see the earlier guests arrive. The sight dashed Gilbart. Suddenly he remembered that the letter had reached him by the afternoon post. It was now half-past seven, and he would have to explain the interval; for of course the Admiral would suspect the whole story at first. He knew the official manner; he had been privileged to study the fine flower of it in this particular Admiral one afternoon six months before, when the great man had condescended to sit on the platform at the Mission anniversary. "Tut, tut—a stupid practical joke"—that would be the beginning; and then would follow cross-examination in the coldest court-martial fashion. Well, he could explain; but it would be just as well to have the story pat beforehand.

One minute—ten minutes went by. Cabs rattled up and private carriages; officers in glittering uniforms, ladies muffled in silk and swan's-down stepped past the policeman behind whom Gilbart hesitated. This would never do; better he had gone in with the story hot on his lips. He twitched the policeman's elbow.

"May I pass, please? I want to see the Admiral."

"That's likely, ain't it?"

"But I have a message for him; an urgent one—one that won't keep a moment!"

"Why, I have seen you hanging round here this quarter hour with these very eyes! Won't keep? Here, you get out!"

"I tell you——"

"Oh, deliver us!" the policeman interrupted. "What's the matter with you? Come to keep the Admiral's dinner cold while you hand over command of the Channel Fleet?" He winked heavily at one or two of the nearest in the crowd, and they laughed.

Gilbart eyed them savagely. He had a word in his mouth which would stop their laughing; and for one irrational moment he was near speaking it, near launching in a gibe with half a dozen loafers the bolt which only to hold and handle had aged him ten years in an hour. The word was even on his tongue when a carriage passed and at its open window a young girl leaned forward and looked out on the crowd. Her face in the light of the entrance-lamp was exquisitely fair, delicately rose and white as the curved inner lip of a sea-shell. At her throat, where her cloak-collar fell back a little, showing its quilted lining of pale blue satin, a diamond necklace shimmered, and a rosebud of diamonds in her hair sparkled so that it seemed to dance. It caught Gilbart's eye and somehow it seemed to lift and remove her and the house she was entering—the lit windows, the guests, the Admiral himself—into another world. If it were real, then (like enough) this fragile thing, this Dresden goddess, owned a brother, perhaps a lover, on board the Berenice. If so, here was another world waiting to be shattered—a world of silks and toys and pretty uniforms and tiny bric-á-brac—a sort of doll's-house inhabited by angels at play. But could it be real? Could such a world exist and be liable as his own to *It?* Could the same brutal touch destroy this fabric and the sordid privacies of Prospect Place—all in a run like a row of card-houses?

"Never you mind *'im*, Mister Gilbart," said a voice at his elbow, and he turned and looked in the face of a girl who, in an interval of dressmaking, had once helped him with his district work.

"Him?"

"The peeler," Milly Sanders nodded; and it flashed on Gilbart that the policeman's joke, the carriage, the girl's face and these thoughts of his had all gone by in something less than ten seconds. "He've got the 'ump to-night, that's what's the matter with 'im." And Milly Sanders nodded again reassuringly.

"What are you doing here?" Gilbart asked.

"Me? Oh, it's in the way of business, as you might say. I comes here to pick up 'ints. I s'pose now you thought 'twasn't very feelin'-'earted, and my Dick gone away foreign only this mornin'?"

He remembered now that the girl's zeal for mission-work had cooled ever since she had been walking-out with her Dick—a young seaman in the Berenice.

"I reckon that's the last of the dinner-guests. The others won't be comin' much before ten. Well, I'm off to the 'Oe; there's going to be fireworks, and that's the best place for seein'."

"In the way of business, too, I suppose?" said Gilbart, and wondered how he could say it.

Milly giggled. "You 'ad me there," she confessed. "But what's the good to give way? I'm sure"—with conviction—"it's just what Dick would like me to do. I'm going, anyway. So long——" she paused: "that is—unless you'd like to come along, too?"

It was, after all, astonishingly easy. Even if he found and convinced the Admiral, nothing could be done. Why then should he hasten all this misery? Was it not, rather, an act of large mercy to hold back the news? Say that by holding his tongue he delayed it by twenty-four hours; life after all was made up of days and not so very many of them. By silence then—it stood to reason—he gained from woe a clear day for hundreds. Meanwhile here stood one of those hundreds. Might he not give her, under the very shadow of fate, an hour or two of actual, positive happiness? He told himself this, knowing all the while that he lied. He knew that the thing was easier to put off than to do. He knew that he took Milly's arm in his not to comfort her (although he meant to do this, too) but to drug his own conscience, and because he was mad—yes, mad—for human company and support. For hours—it seemed for weeks—he had been isolated, alone with that secret and his own soul. He could bear it no longer; he must ease the torment—only for a little—then perhaps he would go back to the Admiral. Chatter was what he wanted, the sound of a fellow-creature's voice, babbling no matter what. He knew also that he bought this respite at a price, and the price must be paid terribly when he came to wake. And yet he found it astonishingly easy to take Milly's arm.

"But I say," she rattled on, "you must be soft!"

"Why?" He was drinking in the sound of her words, letting the sense run by him.

"Why, to suppose the Admiral would see you at this time. What was it about?"

"Please go on talking."

"Well, I am. What did you want to see the Admiral for? Some Mission business, I s'pose. . . . Oh, you needn't tell if you don't choose; I'm not dying to hear."

They stood side by side on the Hoe, watching the fireworks. Three or four searchlights were playing over the Sound, turned now upon the anchored craft, now upward, following the rockets, and again downward, crisscrossing their white rays as if to catch the dropping multi-colored stars. "O-o-oh!" exclaimed Milly, as each shower of rockets exploded. "But what makes you jump like that?"

"I say," he asked after a time, "since we've come to enjoy ourselves why not do the thing thoroughly? What do you say to the theatre after this?"

"The theatre! Well, you are gettin' on! That would be 'eavenly. They've got The Charity Girl on this week—Gertie Lennox dancing. But don't you disapprove of that sort of thing?"

"So I—I mean I don't make a practice of it. But perhaps—once in a way——"

"I love it; though 'tisn't often I gets the chance. I dunno what Dick would say, though."

She said it archly, meaning to suggest that Dick might be jealous. John Gilbart misunderstood.

"But that's foolish. Why not to-night as well as any other night? What difference can it make to—to——" He broke off, laughing a little wildly. "We'll go and give each other moral support. We'll take tickets for the pit—no, the dress circle!"

"The dress circle!" There was awe in Milly's voice; her hand went up to her head. "They make you take your 'at off there. Oh, I couldn't!" But he caught her by the arm and hurried her off almost at a run—the girl giggling and panting and beginning to enjoy herself amazingly.

The performance had begun; but they found seats in the front row of the dress circle, almost before she had ceased panting, and Milly was unpinning her hat and glancing up at the gallery on the chance of an envious friendly recognition. The lights, the colors, the clash of brass in the orchestra made Gilbart's head spin. A stout *tenore robusto* in the uniform of a naval lieutenant was parading the stage in halos of mauve and green lime-light and bawling his own praises to a semicircle of females. Gilbart's ear caught and retained but a line or two of their shrill chorus:

Through the world so wide
He's old England's pride,
But we're glad now he's come back.
For he's dressed in blue,
And he's always true—
Heaven bless you, dear old Jack.

The sentiments of this ditty did not materially differ from those which Gilbart was in the habit of assimilating from his morning newspaper; nor were they much more fatuously expressed. Twenty-four hours ago he might even have applauded them as noisily as any one in the enraptured house. Now his gorge rose against the song, the complacent singer, the men and women who could be amused by such things. Could this be what they called the joy of living? Milly's eyes had begun to sparkle. He forgot that in this very contempt the theatre was providing what he had come to seek—a drug for conscience. And before he recognized this the drug was weakening. Horribly, stealthily, *It* began to reassert itself. These people—what would happen if he stood up in his place and shouted *It?* His mind played with the temptation; he saw white faces, men standing and looking up at him, the performance on the stage arrested, the orchestra mute; almost he heard his voice ring out over the sudden frozen consternation. No; he gripped the velvet cushion before him. "I must sit it out. I will sit it out."

And he did, though he suffered horribly. Milly found him a desperately dull companion, but luckily her neighbors' dresses and ornaments diverted her between the acts. She would have liked an orange; but it appeared that oranges were not eaten in the dress circle.

Outside the theatre door in the great portico Gilbart flung up both hands and let out a long, shuddering sigh.

"My! What's the matter with you?" asked Milly. "Come along and have some supper."

He led her to a supper-room. "Well, you do know how to do things," she said. But it frightened her when he ordered champagne. She looked at him nervously. "I've never tasted it," she confessed; "and"—with a glance around the room—"and I don't think I like it."

She drank her glassful, however, while he finished the pint bottle. Then she picked up her worn gloves.

"Must we be going?" The end had come and worse torment must begin.

"Of course we must; and 'igh time too, if you knew what mother'll say when I get home. You mustn't think I 'aven't enjoyed myself, though," she added, "because I 'ave."

Out in the street as they walked arm in arm she unbent still further. "I shall tell mother, of course. She won't mind when she knows it's you, because you're so respectable. But girls 'ave to be careful."

At her door she paused before saying good-night. She loved Dick, of course; but she wondered a little what Mr. Gilbart meant. His manner had been so queer when he said, "Must we be going?"

For a moment she waited, half expecting him to say something, meaning to be angry if he said it. Such was her crude idea of coquettishness. But John Gilbart merely shook hands, waited until the door closed behind her, and bent his steps toward home.

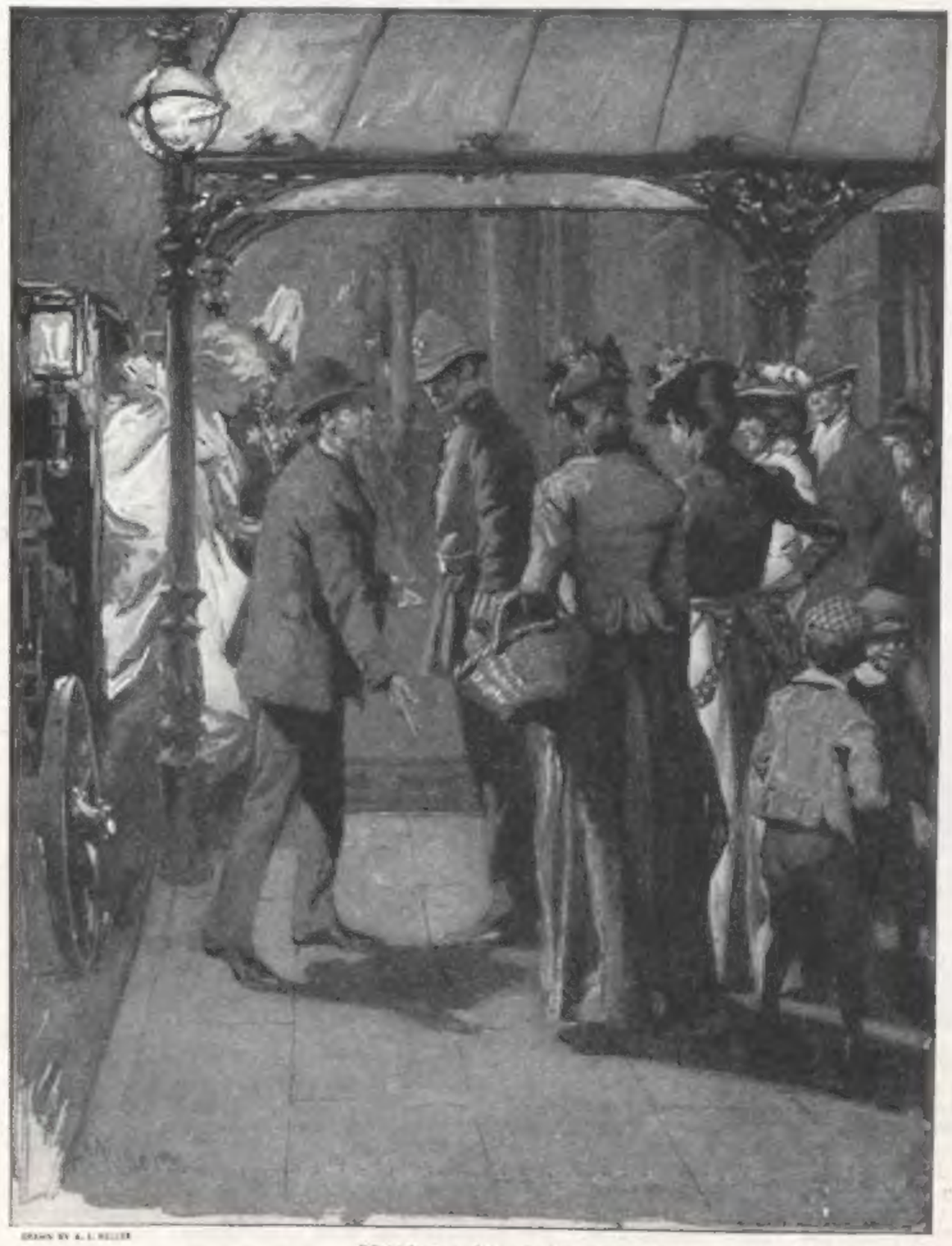
That was in the next street. He walked briskly up to the door—then turned on his heel and strode away rapidly. He could not go upstairs; could not face the silent hours alone. As he retreated the front door was opened. Mrs. Wilcox had been sitting up for him, and had heard and recognized his footstep. He ran. After a minute the door was closed again.

. . . . . .

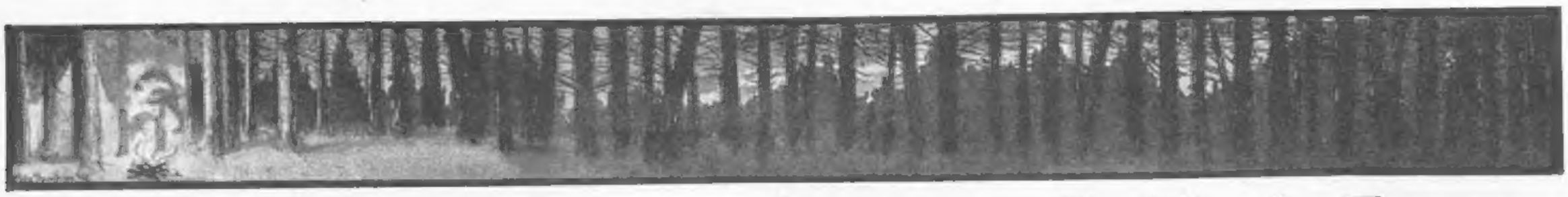
At nine o'clock next morning a sentry on the seaward side of Tregantle fort saw a man sitting below in the sunshine on the edge of the cliff, and took him for a tramp. It was John Gilbart. He had spent the night trudging the streets but always returning to the pavement in front of one or the other of the two important newspaper offices. Lights shone in the upper windows of each, but all was quiet; and he saw the men leave one by one and walk away into darkness with brisk but regular footfall. A little before dawn he had caught the newspaper-train for the west, left it at the first station over the Cornish border and set his face toward the sea. His walk took him past dewy hedgerows over which the larks sang. But he neither saw nor heard. A deep peace had fallen upon him. He knew himself now; had touched the bottom of his cowardice, his falsity. He would never be happy again, but he could never deceive himself again; no, not though God interfered.

He looked out on the sunshine with purged eyes. Now and then he listened, as if for some sound from the horizon or the great town behind him.

Had God interfered? How still the world was!



"But I have a message for him; an urgent one — one that won't keep a moment!"



Mooswa of the Boundaries. *By* W. A. Fraser

The Capture of Wolverine

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WHEN François missed the Beaver trap that had been placed in the dam and which Umisk had taken for his sons to study, and when he found he had lost the two set on Otter's slide, it made him furious. He knew Wolverine must have cached them. Once before he had been forced to give up a good Marten road because of the relentless ingenuity of this almost human-brained animal. But it would be different this time, the Half-breed declared—he would make a fight for it.

"I keel me dat Carcajou!" he exclaimed emphatically over and over again to the Boy. "Dat debbil ob de wood, he eat my bait, an' cac'e de trap, an' come an' sit here by de door an' listen what we talk. I see de track dis mornin'."

On the very night that François made this boast Wolverine came and entirely appropriated the remaining hind-quarter of his Caribou from the roof. When the Half-breed discovered this fresh mark of his enemy's energetic attention he became inarticulate with ire.

"Why don't you try the strychnine on him?" asked Roderick.

"Dat no use," declared the enraged Trapper; "when I put poison in de bait, Carcajou come, smell him, den he do some mean trick for make me swear; but I catc' him sure—I put de gun wid pull-string."

He spent the greater part of the next day arranging a muzzle-loading shotgun, with a trade ball in it, for the destruction of the animal who had stolen his venison. François had seen Wolverine's own private path for coming up the bank of the Pelican, and on this he staked down the gun and put some pine logs on either side, so that Carcajou must take the bait from in front. The gun was left cocked, with a string attached to the trigger. On the string, just at the muzzle, was tied a piece of Caribou meat.

Wolverine chuckled when he saw the arrangement. "Poor old François!" he muttered ironically; "this is really too bad; it's actual robbery to take that bait—it is so easy."

Now this little chap had a most decided streak of vanity in his make-up. Like many really smart men he liked to show off his cunning—and in that lay his weakness. "This is a good chance to give some of the others an object-lesson," he said to himself, sitting down to wait for an audience. Presently Blue Wolf and Lynx came in sight, jogging along together. "Eur-r-r-r!" said Wolf hoarsely. "Had any eating this day, Gulo?"

"No appetite," declared Carcajou, getting up so that the half-starved Lynx might see his well-rounded stomach.

"Most wise Lieutenant," smirked Pisew, "what wisdom hast thou originated this day?"

"That's a queer thing, isn't it?" remarked Carcajou, nodding his broad forehead toward the baited gun.

Blue Wolf looked, took a wide detour, and approached it from the side. The others followed in his footsteps.

"Years have given you sagacity, Mister Rof," commended Wolverine. "From the side always, eh? Danger sits on top, and Death waits in front."

"My nose finds a bait!" answered Wolf.

"It's meat!" added Pisew, working his mustached upper lip like a cat.

"I smell powder!" declared Carcajou quietly.

"The evil breath of the iron stick?" queried Blue Wolf. "Perhaps the white death-powder makes that peculiar odor."

"No!" asserted Carcajou. "François knows better than that: to smell that bait costs nothing; to bite it makes a heavier price than either of us cares to pay. François knows that we smell first, and bite last; and if our noses detected aught amiss would we pull the string with our teeth?"

"Wise Lieutenant!" murmured Lynx.

"Cunning old thief!" mused Wolf to himself.

"Do either of you fellows want it?" asked Carcajou.

"I'm not very hungry this morning," answered Blue Wolf.

"I discovered seven Deer Mice under a log not two hours ago," lied Pisew; "sweet, long-eared little chaps they were, and very fat from eating the seeds of the yellow-lipped sunflower—most delicious flavor it gives to their flesh. My stomach is at peace for the first time in many days."

"Keep your eye open for the Breed-Man then," commanded Wolverine. "I think I'd relish that Caribou steak; your Deer Mice have given me an appetite." He tore the pine logs away from one side of the gun, critically examined the string, cut it with his sharp teeth just behind the bait, and devoured the fresh meat with great gusto, smacking his lips with a tantalizing suggestiveness of good fare.

"For fear of accidents I think I'd better break up this iron stick," he said. Seizing the hammer in his strong jaws, and placing his paws on the barrel and stock, he completely demolished the old muzzle-loader.

"Well," yawned Wolf, stretching himself, "you're a match for the Man, I believe. I'm off, for I've got a long run ahead of me—the pack gathers to-night at Deep Creek."

"What's the run—Stag?" asked Pisew insinuatingly.

"Whatever it may be it will all be eaten," answered Rof, "so you needn't trail. Good-by, Lieutenant," he barked, loping with powerful strides through the woods and out of sight.

"I'll go with *you*, most wise Lieutenant," declared Pisew.

"Well, trot along in front," grunted Carcajou; "I want to fix the trail a bit." After they had walked for half an hour Wolverine stopped, and cocking his eye up a slim pole which seemed to grow from the centre of a high spruce stump, exclaimed: "Great eating! What in the name of Wie-sah-ke-chack is that?"

"Meat!" answered Pisew, looking at something which dangled from the top of the pole.

"It's François again," said Carcajou, sniffing at the stump.

"What a splendid cache," cried Lynx admiringly; "nobody but Squirrel could climb that pole."

"But they might knock it down," declared Carcajou. "I have a notion to try."

"Better leave it alone," advised Pisew. "If it's François, there's something wrong."

"Carcajou doesn't take advice from a cotton-headed Cat," sneered the other. "Easy killing! But I'm going up to see what it's like. I know that stump—it's hollow; there is no chance for a trap there."

It was about three feet high. Wolverine made a running jump and grabbed the top edge to pull himself up. As he did so something snapped. A howl of enraged surprise came from the little animal as he dangled with his hind toes just touching the ground and his forepaws in a steel trap which he had pulled over the side. The cunning Breed had blocked up his trap on the inside of the hollow shell, where it was invisible from the ground.

"For the sake of security don't make such a noise," pleaded Pisew.

"Fool-talker!" retorted Carcajou; "come and help me out of this fix."

"I can't open the trap," objected Lynx; "why, it would take the strength of Muskwa to flatten its spring."

"Run to the King and ask for help, as is the Law of the Boundaries," ordered Wolverine.

"Gently, Mister Lieutenant, gently; don't get so excited—keep cool."

"Wait till I get out of this!" screamed Carcajou. "I'll warm your jacket!"

"There, there," returned Lynx, "don't threaten me—don't abuse me, and I'll help you——"

"That's a good Pisew—hurry, please—François may come——"

"On one condition," added Lynx, sitting down on his haunches with deliberate self-possession.

"Hang the conditions!" blustered Carcajou—"talk of conditions with a fellow's fingers in a steel trap!"

"All the same, I'll only do it on one condition. When they talked the other day of making me King——"

"'*They*' talked?" interrupted Carcajou. "Nobody talked of making *you* King."

"*You* didn't, I know, Lieutenant; but that's just what I want you to promise now, before I help you."

"I'll see you snared first!" grunted Wolverine, snapping, until he screamed with pain, at the trap chain which was fastened to the pole.

"All right—I'm off! François will soon find you," declared Pisew.

"Come back!" cried the entrapped animal. "What do you wish?"

"Well, if anything happens to Black King, we'll need another ruler—anyway, next year there'll be an election, and I want you to stick up for me as you did for Black Fox. You're so wise and eloquent, dear Carcajou, that the others will do just as you advise. I could make it worth while, too, if there were any charges against you. Suppose some one unjustly accused you of having eaten a Cub or a Kit under the killing age, why, I could see that nothing happened, you know."

"Sneak! Thief! Murderer!" ejaculated Carcajou disdainfully. "If I could only get out of this trap I'd eat you!"

"What's the row, you fellows?" piped a Bird voice as Whisky-Jack swooped down to a small poplar and craned his neck in amazement at the sight he beheld. "By my lonely life!" he chuckled. "If here isn't the king of all knaves sitting with his hands in the stocks! Great rations! But you're a wise one. Whose toes hurt now, Mister Mocker? Why doesn't that cat-faced Lynx help you out?"

"I offered to," declared Pisew, "but his temper is so vile I dare not touch him. He threatened to kill me."

"Why don't you run to Black King for help, you stupid? You can't open that trap."

"Wise Bird!" almost sobbed Carcajou in his gratitude. "This scheming rascal took advantage of my misfortune and tried to make me promise to do something for him, or he would let François catch me."

"Pisew is not to be trusted—he is too much like a Man," asserted Jack. Turning to the Lynx, he exclaimed angrily: "You go on the back trail there, and if François comes, lead him off slowly; just keep in his sight—he'll follow you. I will get the Lieutenant out of this. Mind, if you play any tricks, or break the Oath of the Boundaries, the King will command Blue Wolf to break your back—he'll do it, too. I'm off for help," he said to the prisoner; "just keep your courage up, old Carcy"; and, working his fanlike wings with exceeding diligence, he dove through the woods at a great rate toward the King's burrow.

"I was only joking, dear friend Carcajou," whined Lynx fawningly, for he dreaded the anger of the other animals. "Don't say a word about it to the King; he might think I was in earnest."

"Traitor!" snarled Wolverine. "Go back there and watch for François."

"Don't say any more about it," pleaded Pisew, "and I'll watch, oh, so carefully, most loyal, true Lieutenant."

Whisky-Jack's shrill call from a tree startled the family of the Red Widow. "Quick, royal son," she cried; "there's a danger signal! Listen: 'Hee-e-e-p, hee-e-ep, he-e-e-ep!' That means some one caught. Where are my sons? All here but Stripes—goodness!" She wrung her paws miserably, and in her eagerness rushed to the door. "What is it, bringer of evil news? Who's caught—not my baby cub?" she asked of Whisky-Jack.

"No, good dame. Would you believe it, the cleverest one in all the Boundaries, excepting your son, of course, is now keeping the jaws of a trap apart with his own soft paws—it's Carcajou."

"What's to do?" cried Black Fox, joining his mother.

"Carcajou is caught!" she answered, heaving a sigh of relief that it wasn't Cross-Stripes. Jay Bird explained the situation.

"Nobody but Muskwa can spring a number-four trap," asserted the King; "and he has been holed up for two days—hasn't he, mother?"

"Yes," she assented; "and asleep by now. You will find him at the big burrow that is in the fourth cut bank from here, up-stream."

"The old chap must get up then," cried Black Fox, with emphasis, "for he's not in the deep frost-sleep yet. Here, Jack, run and bring Beaver to cut off the pole Carcajou's trap is ringed to, and I'll go for Muskwa; if you see Rof, tell him to meet me at Bear's burrow."

The King had a tremendous time with Muskwa. Bruin was sleepy and cranky. "Quick! wake up, brother!" Black Fox shouted in his ear. The Bear never moved—simply snored. The energetic visitor turned tail on and proceeded to rake Bruin's ribs with his strong hind-feet as a dog makes the gravel fly. Muskwa grunted and simply flicked his short, woolly ears. The King jumped on him, set up the long howl of the kill in his very face, put his sharp teeth through one of the nerveless ears, and held a small riot over the sleeper. He never would have managed to wake Bear had not Blue Wolf arrived to help him.

Muskwa was for all the world like a maudlin, drunken old sailor. "All right, you fellows," he said groggily, his eyes still closed; "I don't want any more berries—eat 'em yourself."

"Not berries!" howled Blue Wolf; "*Carcajou is in a trap!*"

"Go 'way—don't believe it. Carcajou's an old sweep!"

Blue Wolf's powerful voice rang the chase note in Muskwa's ear. It awakened the big fellow sufficiently to enable him to take a side-hook sweep at the offender with his disengaged paw. The blow was a sleepy one, else it would have cracked his tormentor's skull. "He's coming, all right," remarked the King critically.

"By the flavor of meat, he is!" ejaculated Rof. In the end they got Muskwa on his feet, with a little understanding in his stupor-clogged brain; and, half-pushing, half-leading, managed to land him where Carcajou was sitting in the stocks. In his flight Whisky-Jack had met Mooswa and he was there also. Beaver was chiseling away at the pole; for, once loosened, even if they could not spring the trap sufficiently to get Carcajou's paws out, they might succeed between them in getting him away and cached somewhere; anything was better than letting him fall into the Trapper's hands.

"Of all the wood I ever cut this is the worst," panted Umisk, resting for a minute. "It cramps my neck, cutting down so close sideways. It is dry tamarack; the slivers are sticking in my tongue."

As Black Fox and Rof withdrew their paws from under Muskwa's arms, he keeled over lazily and in two seconds was sound asleep. "Give him a good lift with your hind-foot, Mooswa," commanded the King sharply. "Of all the heavy-brained chaps I ever saw!"

"If we but had a little of Man's fire," opined Jack, "we could wake him up quick enough by singeing a couple of my feathers under his nose."

Mooswa planted both hind-feet, bang! in Bear's ribs; Rof gave a deep bay in his face; Black King once more put his

sawlike teeth through an ear; and by these gentle, persuasive methods Muskwa was sufficiently awakened to get on his feet. He swayed drunkenly. "Stop fighting, Cubs!" he growled, under the impression that he was being bothered by some of his own children.

"Get up and squeeze the springs of the trap. Carcajou is caught! Here it is—put your paws on top—there! Squeeze!" yelled Black Fox. Just then Beaver finished cutting the pole, and it fell with a crash. The noise helped to awaken Muskwa.

"Slip the ring off the stub, Umisk; that's a good chap," cried Wolverine. This done, Carcajou and the trap clattered to the ground.

"Come on!" screamed Black Fox to Muskwa, as he and Rof shouldered him to the trap. "Squeeze, now!" the Fox shouted again, placing Bear's powerful paws on the springs.

"I'll squeeze," answered Bruin petulantly, "but why don't you speak louder? Say what you mean. You fellows have all got colds—I can't hear you."

"Dead Eagles! but François will," remarked Jay.

"There now, a little harder—use your strength, Muskwa!" The Bear pressed his great weight on the springs; they slipped down, and the jaws slowly opened like the sides of a traveling-bag. With a cry of delight Carcajou pulled his bruised fingers out, and in gratitude rubbed his short Coon-like head against Bruin's great cheek. "Good old Muskwa!" he cried joyfully; "I'll never forget this."

"Your fingers will be a long time sore then," sneered Jay.

"Never—mind—little comrade. It's all right; let me go—to sleep now; don't bother." And he flopped over like a bag of potatoes, sighed wearily once or twice, and started off with a monotonous, bubbling snore. "He's hopeless," moaned the King. "We'll never get him home."

"I saw François just like that once," chirped Whisky-Jack; "he had some medicine in a bottle, and the more of it he took the sleepier he got."

"How in the name of many birds shall we ever get this sleepy-head back to his hole?" asked Black Fox perplexedly.

"I'll carry him," declared the Moose. "Here, you fellows, roll him up on my horns." And dropping to his knees Mooswa put the great chairlike spread of his antlers down to the snow.

"Here, Pisew, give us a hand," commanded the King. Beaver, and Lynx, and Rof, and Black Fox shouldered and pushed at the huge black ball, and Mooswa kept edging his horn cradle under the mass until, finally, Muskwa lay snugly in the hollow.

"Now, all give a mighty push, and help me up!" snuffed the Moose. "All right," he added, as, staggering to his feet and pointing his nose skyward, he allowed the burdened antlers to lie along his withers.

"Ride with Muskwa, Jack," commanded the King, "and show Mooswa the old dreamer's house. Branch out, the rest of you, and make the many-trail, for many trails make few catches." Carcajou was sitting on his haunches, licking his aching paws. "How are you going to get home, little comrade?" the King asked.

"I'll give him a lift," interposed Blue Wolf. "Clamber up, Old Curiosity!" They were a funny-looking party—quite like an ambulance train—with Muskwa asleep on Mooswa's horns, and Carcajou astraddle of Wolf's strong back.

"Walk in Rof's tracks, Pisew, till you strike the muskeg," ordered the King. "François won't fancy the fun of following a traveler like you through a big swamp."

"I should like to hide that trap," lamented Carcajou.

"Oh, never mind," interrupted Black Fox. "Get away home, everybody."

"I'll hear some choice French to-night," declared Jack. "When François discovers that somebody has robbed his trap, he'll jabber himself asleep."

All the way to his home Carcajou swore vengeance on the man who had made his paws so sore. "You'll do it, little brother," said Rof, "and I don't blame you. But of course we must remember our oath about the Boy."

For three days nothing unusual happened. Hunger commenced to nip at every one, for it was the seventh year of the Rabbit cycle, and they were scarce. All the others envied old Muskwa, slumbering peacefully, nourished by the fat of his summer's pillage.

The narrow body of Lynx was getting narrower, the gaunt sides of Blue Wolf gaunter. Fisher and Marten were living on Deer Mice, Squirrels and small game, and the Red Widow's family were depending almost entirely upon Spruce Partridge, although the flesh of those birds had become particularly astringent. The gray-mottled, pintail Grouse had entirely disappeared—better eating they were, the Widow contended—but in the seventh year it was not a matter of selection at all, and each animal was poaching on the other's preserve—all because of the scarcity of Wapoos.

But in spite of the general starvation, each one left a small dole of his food for Carcajou, whose paws were too sore for him to prowl about. He felt the restricted diet more than any of them, being a perfect gourmand—"Gulo, the Glutton," was his book name—and he liked good living.

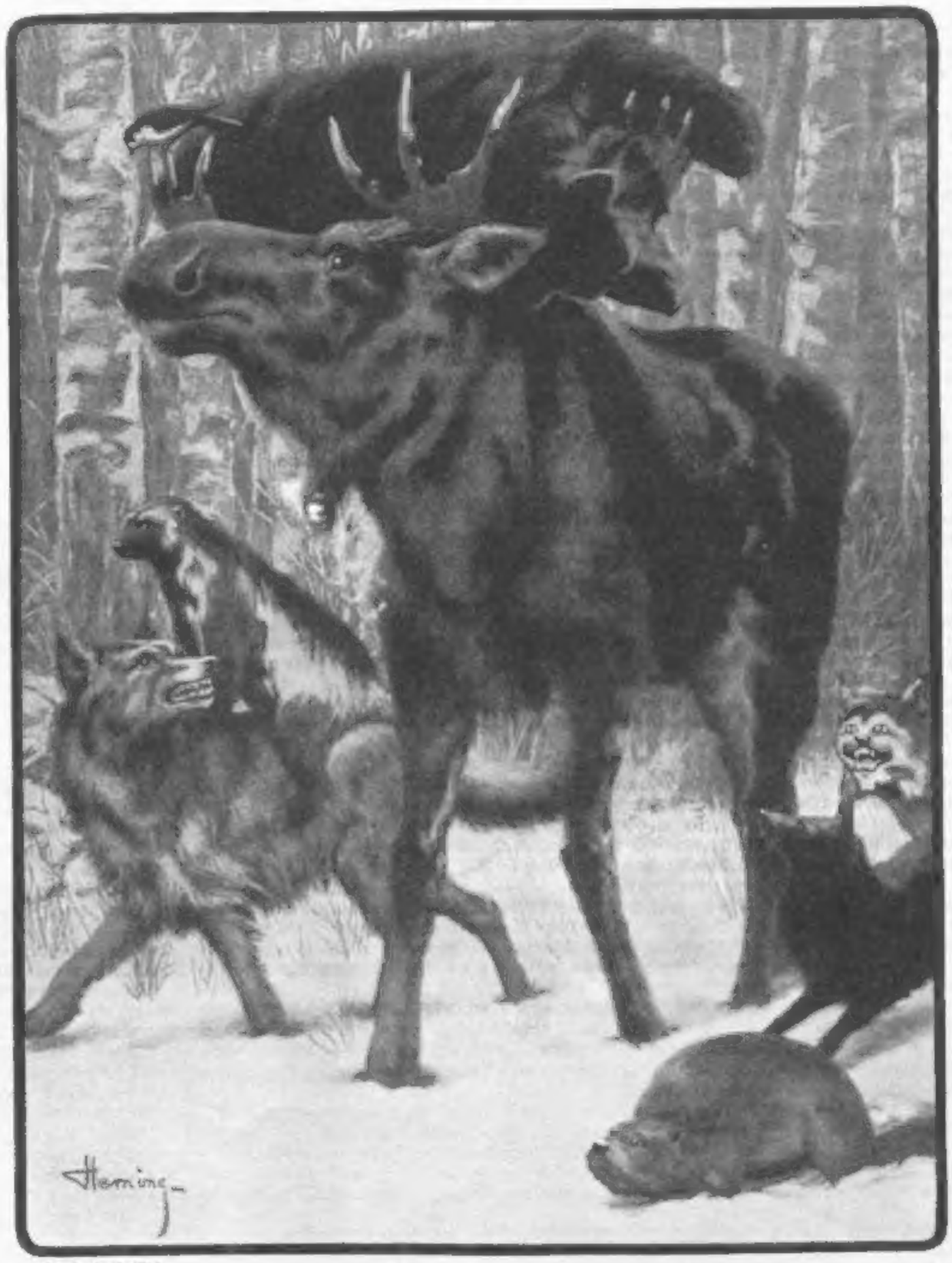
On the fourth day Whisky-Jack startled his comrades with the announcement that François had acquired four Train Dogs from Nichemous, who was passing down the ice road of the river with a "Free Trader." Blue Wolf snuffed discontentedly at the news; they were his enemies, and many a scar he carried as souvenir of combats with these domesticated cousins. Family instinct, however, led him to skulk close to François' shack one evening for the chance of seeing the Dogs. After the first visit he went often, though advised by Carcajou that it would end in his getting a destroying blast from the fire stick. "What's the attraction, anyway?" asked Carcajou. "There can't be anything to eat with those yelping Huskies about."

It was Whisky-Jack who gave the secret away. "Blue Wolf's in love," he said solemnly; "three of the Train Dogs are of the sister kind, and Rof's got his eye on one. François calls her Marsh Maid, but the train leader is a big Husky Dog, and he'll chew Growler, the Wolf, into little bits—I sha'n't mind; Rof's too surly for me."

Blue Wolf became a great dandy; brushed his coat, scraped the snow away from a moss patch in the jack-pines, and rubbed his shaggy fur until it became quite presentable. The big fight that Jack so eagerly anticipated materialized, but, contrary to Jay's forecast, Rof trounced the Train Dog soundly. After that he came and went pretty much as he desired, growled his admiration of Marsh Maid, and took forcible possession of Husky's Whitefish.

All this nearly brought sorrow to the Red Widow's family, for Stripes, the Kit-Fox, having his curiosity aroused by Jack's recital of Blue Wolf's doings, incautiously ventured close to the lodge one day to have a look at the Dogs. With an angry howl, Husky swooped down upon him, and but for Rod, who, hearing Stripes' plaintive squeal, rushed out and drove the Dog off, he would have been most effectually eaten up. Within the Boundaries the food fever was strong on the animals, and François's baits became an almost irresistible temptation. Trap after trap Black King and his family robbed, leaving the white-powdered meat, but taking it when it was clear of poison, until François was in despair.

"I t'ink me we goin' keel no fur here," he confided to the Boy. "Dat Carcajou he de debil, but mos' all de odder animal is debil, too. S'pose I put out de trap, dey take de bait, cac'e de trap, and s'pose me dey laugh by deyselves. I see dat Black Fox two, t'ree time, an' I know me his track now; ev'ry day I see dat tracks. But we must cate' him. What fur we keel now? Not enough to pay fer de grub stake."



They were a funny-looking party

The seventh of these stories will appear next week.

An Epoch-Making Invention

THERE seems to be a likelihood that before long movable types for printing will be done away with altogether, and their function, hitherto regarded as indispensable in the art, performed by ingenious photographic processes. The books of the near future, it is predicted, will be made by photography, and it is not improbable that even newspapers will be issued by methods in which the camera and dry-plate will take the place of the font of metal letters and the stereotype from a paper matrix.

This is not mere speculation, inasmuch as the prediction is based upon recently patented inventions of a practical character. The originator of the idea proposes to apply to the reproduction of letter-press a process not very different from that already used in the mechanical multiplication of pictures. In his belief, if a picture can be multiplied by photography, there is no reason why the same method should not be employed for letter-press. The way to accomplish this is his own discovery, and it has already been worked out so far that, as is claimed, the camera is ready and able to take up the work which has hitherto been done by the types.

The publisher of the future, instead of having many fonts of heavy and costly type, will be provided simply with a set of square white cards, on each of which is a large black letter, an inch or more in height. These cards will be placed in a series of horizontal lines on a rack made for the purpose, following copy, so that the letters will read just like those of the text that is to be reproduced. A camera, placed in front, will photograph the letters, its distance from them determining the size of the text as it is eventually to appear. The negative thus made will be developed in the usual manner, and from it a print will be made upon a zinc plate covered with a sensitized film. It only remains to etch the plate and print from it, just as a picture similarly prepared is printed nowadays.

A machine has already been constructed which, taking the place of the linotype or mechanical compositor of to-day, sets up the cards in the rack according to copy, and photographs them, one line at a time, the glass sensitive plate moving automatically at such a rate as to take the matter line by line until it is filled. Then, of course, it is removed and developed in a dark room, whereupon it is ready to transfer its imprint to the metal plate, which is duly etched. The process is simple enough, and so expeditiously performed that within thirty minutes from the first exposure of the negative the zinc plate is ready to go to press.

This has every appearance of being an epoch-making invention. Hitherto it has been imagined that movable types represented the ultimate step in the art of printing; yet they now bid fair to be superseded by the camera and the dry-plate. If the discovery does not prove disappointing in its practical usefulness it will be of enormous advantage to the publisher of the future whose expensive and heavy burden of type will be replaced by a few photographic machines and an equipment of lettered cards, light and easily stored in small space. The fact that one set of letters is to serve for all sizes of type is of the greatest importance.

One point not to be forgotten is that, by an obvious arrangement, pictures may be photographed on the same plates with the letter-press. A drawing fresh from the artist may be introduced on the rack in front of the camera in place of cards so as to make it appear as a part of the same page.

The Lane that had no Turning

By Gilbert Parker

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SECOND CHAPTER—WHEN THE REDCOATS CAME

A MONTH later there was a sale of the household effects, the horses, and general possessions of Medallion the auctioneer, who, though an Englishman, had, by his wits and goodness of heart, endeared himself to the parish.

Therefore, the notables among the habitants had gathered in his empty house for a last drink of good-fellowship—Muroc, the charcoalman, Duclosse, the mealman, Bénoit, the ne'er-do-weel, Gingras, the one-eyed shoemaker, and a few others.

They had drunk the health of Medallion, they had drunk the health of the Curé, and now Duclosse, the mealman, raised his glass. "Here's to——"

"Wait a minute, porridge-pot," cried Muroc. "The best man here should raise the glass first and say the *votre santé!* 'Tis M'sieu' Medallion should speak and sip now."

Medallion was half sitting on the window-sill, abstractedly listening. He had been thinking that his ships were burned behind him, and that in middle age he was starting out to make another camp for himself in the world, all because of the new Seigneur of Pontiac. Time was when he had been successful here, but Louis Racine had changed all that. His hand was against the English, and he had brought a French auctioneer to Pontiac. Medallion might have divided the parish as to patronage, but he had other views. So he was going. Madelinette had urged him to stay, but he had replied that it was too late. The harm was not to be undone.

As Muroc spoke every one turned toward Medallion. He came over and filled a glass at the table, and raised it.

"I drink to Madelinette, daughter of that fine old puffing *forgeron*, Lajeunesse," he added, as the big blacksmith now entered the room. Lajeunesse grinned and ducked his head. "I knew Madelinette as did you all when I could take her on my knee and tell her English stories and listen to her sing French *chansons*—the best in the world. She has gone on; we stay where we are. But she proves her love to us by taking her husband from Pontiac and coming back to us. May she never find a spot so good to come to and so hard to leave as Pontiac."

He drank, and they all did the same. Draining his glass, Medallion let it fall on the stone floor. It broke into a hundred pieces.

He came and shook hands with Lajeunesse. "Give her my love," he said. "Tell her the highest bidder on earth could not buy one of the kisses she gave me when she was five and I was thirty!"

Then he shook hands with them all and went into the next room.

"Why did he drop his glass?" asked Gingras, the shoemaker.

"That's the way of the aristocrats when it's the d——dest toast that ever was!" said Duclosse, the mealman. "Eh, Lajeunesse, that's so, isn't it?"

"What the deuce do I know about aristocrats?" said Lajeunesse.

"You're among the best of the land, now that Madelinette's married to the Seigneur. You ought to wear a paper collar every day!"

"Bah!" answered the blacksmith. "I'm only old Lajeunesse, the blacksmith, though she's my girl, my lads. I was Joe Lajeunesse yesterday, and I'll be Joe Lajeunesse to-morrow, and I'll die Joe Lajeunnesse the *forgeron*—bagosh! So you take me as you find me. M'sieu' Racine doesn't marry me. And Madelinette doesn't take me to Paris, and lead me 'round the stage and say, 'This is Monsieur Lajeunesse, my father.' No. I'm myself, and a —— good blacksmith, and nothing else am I."

"Tut, tut, old leather-belly," said Gingras, the shoemaker, whose liquor had mounted high, "you'll not need to work now. Madelinette's got double fortune. She gets thousands for a song, and she's lady of the Manor here. What's too good for you, tell me that, my *forgeron?*"

"Not working between meals—that's too good for me, Gingras. I'm here to earn my bread with the hands I was born with, and to eat what they earn, and live by it. Let a man live according to his gifts—bagosh! Till I'm sent for, that's what I'll do; and when time's up I'll take my hand off the bellows, and my leather apron can go to you, Gingras, for boots for a bigger fool than me."

"There's only one," said Bénoit, the ne'er-do-weel, who had been to college as a boy.

"Who's that?" said Muroc.

"You wouldn't know his name. He's trying to find eggs in last year's nest," answered Bénoit with a leer.

"He means the Seigneur!" said Muroc. "Look to your son-in-law, Lajeunesse! He's kicking up a dust that'll choke Pontiac yet. It's as if there was a devil in him driving him on."

"We've had enough of the devil's dust here," said Lajeunesse. "Has he been talking to you, Muroc?"

Muroc nodded. "Treason—or thereabouts. Once, with him that' a dead in the graveyard yonder, it was France we were to save, and bring back the Napoleons—I have my sword yet! Now it's save Quebec. It's stand alone and have our own flag, and shout, and fight, maybe, to be free of England. Independence, that's it! One by one the English have had to go from Pontiac. Now it's M'sieu' Medallion."

"There's Shandon, the Irishman, gone, too. Monsieur sold him up and shipped him off," said Gingras, the shoemaker.

"*Tiens*, the Seigneur gave him fifty dollars when he left, to help him along—he smacks and then kisses, does M'sieu' Racine!"

"We've to pay tribute to the Seigneur every year, as they did in the days of Vaudreuil and Louis the Saint," said Duclosse. "I've got my notice—a bag of meal under the big tree at the Manor door."

"I've to bring a pullet and a bag of charcoal," said Muroc. "'Tis the rights of the Seigneur as of old."

"*Tiens!* It is my mind," said Bénoit, "that a man that Nature twists in back or leg or body anywhere, gets a twist in 's brain, too. There's Parpon, the dwarf—God knows, Parpon is a nut to crack!"

"But Parpon isn't married to the greatest singer in the world, though she's only the daughter of old leather-belly there!" said Gingras.

"Something doesn't come of nothing, snub-nose!" said Lajeunesse. "Mark you, I was born a man of fame, walking bloody paths to glory, but by the grace of Heaven and my baptism I became a *forgeron*. Let others ride to glory; I'll shoe their horses for the gallop."

"You'll be in Parliament yet, Lajeunesse," said Duclosse, the mealman, who had been dozing on a pile of untired cart wheels.

"I'll be hanged first, comrade!"

"One in the family at a time," said Muroc. "There's the Seigneur. He's going into Parliament."

"He's a magistrate, that's enough!" said Duclosse. "He's started the court under the big tree, as the Seigneurs did two hundred years ago. He'll want a gibbet and a gallows next."

"I should think he'd stay at home and not take more on his shoulders!" said the one-eyed shoemaker.

Without a word Lajeunesse threw a dish of water in Gingras' face. This reference to the Seigneur's deformity was unpalatable.

Gingras had not recovered from his discomfiture when all were startled by the distant blare of a bugle. They rushed to the door, and were met by Parpon, the dwarf, who announced that a regiment of soldiers was marching on the village.

"'Tis what I expected after that meeting and the Governor's visit, and the lily-flag of France on the Manor, and the bodyguard and the rifles!" said Muroc nervously.

"We're all in trouble again—sure!" said Bénoit, and drained his glass to the last drop. "Some of us will go to jail!"

The coming of the militia had been wholly unexpected by the people of Pontiac, but the cause was not far to seek. Ever since the Governor's visit there had been sinister rumors abroad concerning Louis Racine, which the Curé and the Avocat and others had taken pains to contradict. It was known that the Seigneur had been requested to disband his so-called company of soldiers with their ancient livery and their modern rifles, and to give up their arms. He had disbanded the corps, but he had not given up the rifles; and for reasons unknown, the Government had not pressed the point so far as the world knew. But it had decided to hold a district drill in this far-off portion of the province, and this summer morning two thousand men marched upon the town and through it, horse, foot and commissariat, and Pontiac was aroused out of the last century romance the Seigneur had sought to continue to face the actual presence of modern force and the machinery of war. Twice before had British soldiers marched into the town, the last time but a few years agone, when blood had been shed on the stones in front of the parish church. But here were large numbers of well-armed men from the eastern parishes, English and French, with four hundred regulars to leaven the mass. Lajeunesse knew only too well what this demonstration meant.

Before the last soldier passed through the street he was on his way to the Seigneury.

He found Madelinette alone in the great dining-room, mending a rent in the British flag, which she was preparing for a flag-staff. When she saw him she dropped the flag as if startled, came quickly to him, took both his hands in hers and kissed his cheek.

"Wonder of wonders!" she said.

"It's these soldiers!" he replied shortly.

"What of them?" she asked brightly.

"Do you mean to say you don't know what their coming here means?" he asked.

"They must drill somewhere, and they are honoring Pontiac!" she replied gayly, but her face flushed as she bent over the flag again.

He came and stood in front of her. "I don't know what's in your mind; I don't know what you mean to do; but I do know that M'sieu' Racine is making trouble here, and out of it you'll come more hurt than anybody."

"What has Louis done?"

"What has he done! He's been stirring up feeling against the British. What has he done? Look at the silly customs he's got out of old coffins to make us believe they're alive! Why did he ever try to marry you? Why did you ever marry him? You are the great singer of the world. He's a mad hunchback *habitant Seigneur!*"

She stamped her foot indignantly. Presently she ruled herself to composure and said quietly: "He is my husband. He is a brave man with foolish dreams." Then with a sudden burst of tender feeling: "Oh, father, father, can't you see, I loved him—that is why I married him. You ask me what I am going to do. I am going to give the rest of my life to him. I am going to stay with him, and be to him all that he may never have in this world, never—never. I am going to be to him what my mother was to you, a slave to the end—a slave who loved you, and who gave you a daughter who will do the same for her husband——"

"No matter what he does or is, eh?"

"No matter what he is!"

Lajeunesse gasped. "You will give up singing! Not sing again before Kings and Courts, and not earn ten thousand dollars a month more than I've earned in twenty years! You don't mean that, Mad'linette?"

He was hoarse with feeling, and held out his hand pleadingly. To him it seemed that his daughter was mad; that she was throwing her life away.

"I mean that, father," she answered quietly. "There are things worth more than money."

"You don't mean to say that you can love him as he is? It isn't natural. But no, it isn't!"

"What would you have said if any one had dared to ask you if you loved my mother that last year of her life when she was a cripple and we wheeled her about in a chair you made for her?"

"Don't say any more," he said slowly, and took up his hat and kept turning it around in his hand. "But you'll prevent him getting into trouble with the Gover'ment?" he urged at last.

"I have done what I could," she answered. Then, with a little gasp: "They came to arrest him a fortnight ago, but I said they should not enter the house. Havel and I prevented them—refused to let them enter. The men did not know what to do, and so they went back. And now this——" She pointed to where the soldiers were pitching their tents in the valley below. "Since then Louis has done nothing to give trouble. He only writes and dreams. If he would dream and no more!" she added half under her breath.

"We've dreamt too much in Pontiac already," said Lajeunesse, shaking his head.

Madelinette reached up her hand and laid it on his shaggy black head. "You are a good little father, big smithyman!" she said lovingly. "You make me think of the strong men in the Niebelungen Ring. It must be a big horse that will take you to Walhalla with the heroes," she added.

Editor's Note—The Lane that Had No Turning began in The Saturday Evening Post of September 29.

"Such notions—there in your head!" he laughed. "Try to frighten me with your big names—*heim?*"

There was a new look in the face of father and of daughter. No mist or cloud was between them. The things they had long wished to say were uttered at last. A new faith was established between them

Since her return they had laughed and talked as of old when they had met, though her own heart was aching and he was bitter against the Seigneur. She had kept him and the whole parish in good humor by her unconventional ways, as though people were not beginning to make pilgrimages to Pontiac to see her—people who stared at the name over the blacksmith's door and eyed her curiously, or lay in wait about the Seigneury that they might get a glimpse of Madame and her deformed husband. Out in the world where she was now so important the newspapers told strange, romantic tales of the great singer, wove wild and wonderful legends of her life. To her it did not matter. If she knew she did not heed. If she heeded it—even in her heart—she showed nothing of it before the world. She knew that soon there would be wilder tales still, when it was announced that she was bidding farewell to the great working world, and would live on in retirement. She had made up her mind quite how the announcement should read; and once it was given out, nothing should induce her to change her mind. Her life was now the life of the Seigneur

A struggle in her heart went on, but she fought it down The lure of a great temptation from that far-off, outside world was before her; but she had resolved her heart against it In his rough but tender way her father now understood, and that was a comfort to her. He felt what he could not reason upon or put in adequate words. But the confidence made him happy, and his eyes said so to her now

"See, big smithyman!" she said gayly; "to-morrow is the fête of St. Jean Baptiste, and we shall all be happy. Louis has promised me to make a speech that will not be against the English, but only words which will tell how dear the old land is to us."

"Ten to one against it!" said Lajeunesse anxiously. Then he brightened as he saw a shadow cross her face "But you can make him do anything—as you always made me!" he added, shaking his shaggy head and taking with a droll eagerness the glass of wine she offered him.

THIRD CHAPTER

"MAN TO MAN AND STEEL TO STEEL"

ONE evening, a fortnight later, Louis Racine and George Fournel, the Englishman, stood face to face in the library of the Manor House. There were antagonism and animosity in the attitude of both. Apart from the fact that Louis had succeeded to the Seigneury promised to Fournel, and sealed to him by a reputed will which had never been found, there was cause for hatred on the Englishman's part. Fournel had been an incredibly successful man. Things had come his way—wealth, and the power that wealth brings. He had had but two set-backs, and the man before him in the Manor House of Pontiac was the cause of both. The last rebuff had been the succession to the Seigneury, which, curious as it might seem, had been the cherished dream of the rich man's retirement. It had been his fancy to play the Seigneur, the lord magnificent and bountiful, and he had determined to use wealth and all manner of influence to have the title of Baron of Pontiac revived—it had been obsolete for a hundred years. He leaned toward the grace of an hereditary dignity, as other retired rich millionaires cultivate art and letters, vainly imagining that they can wheedle civilization and the humanities into giving them what they do not possess by nature, and fool the world at the same time

The loss of the Seigneury had therefore cut deep, but there had been a more hateful affront still. Four years before, Louis Racine, when spasmodically practicing law in Quebec, had been approached by two poor Frenchmen who laid claim to thousands of acres of land which a land company, whereof George Fournel was president, was publicly exploiting for the petroleum and minerals discovered on it. The land company had been composed of Englishmen only. Louis Racine, reactionary and imaginative, brilliant and free from sordidness, and openly hating the English, had taken up the case, and for two years fought it tooth and nail without pay or reward. The matter had become a *cause célèbre*, the land company engaging the greatest lawyers in both the English and French provinces. In the supreme court the case was lost to Louis' clients. He took it over to the Privy Council in London and carried it through triumphantly and alone, proving his clients' titles His two poor Frenchmen regained their land. In payment he would accept nothing save the ordinary fees, as if it were some petty case in a county court. He had, however, made a reputation, which he had seemed not to value, save as a means of showing hostility to the governing race; and the Seigneury of Pontiac, when it fell to him, had more charms for him than any celebrity to be won at the bar. His love of the history of his country was a mania with him, and he looked forward, on arriving at Pontiac, to being the apostle of French independence on the continent. Madelinette had crossed his path in his most enthusiastic moments, when his brilliant tongue and great dreams surrounded him with a kind of glamour. He had caught her to himself out of the girl's first triumph, when her nature, tried by the strain of her first challenge to the judgment of the world, cried out for rest, for Pontiac and home, and all that was of the old life among her people

Fournel's antipathy had only been increased by the fact that Louis Racine had married the now famous Madelinette, and his animosity extended to her.

It was not in him to understand the nature of the Frenchman, volatile, moody, chivalrous, unreasonable, the slave of ideas, the victim of sentiment. Not understanding, when he began to see that he could not attain the object of his visit, which was to secure some relics of the late Seigneur's household, he chose to be disdainful

"You are bound to give me these things I ask for as a matter of justice—if you know what justice means!" he said at last

"You should be aware of that," answered the Seigneur with a kindling eye. He felt every glance of Fournel's eye a contemptuous comment upon his deformity, now so egregious and humiliating. "I taught you justice once."

Fournel was not to be moved from his phlegm. He knew he could torture the man before him, and he was determined to do so, if he did not get his way upon the matter of his visit.

"You can teach me justice twice and be thanked once," he answered. "These things I ask for were much prized by my friend, the late Seigneur. I was led to expect that this Seigneury and all in it and on it should be mine. I know it was intended so. The law gives it you instead. Your technical claim has overridden my rights—you have a gift for making successful technical claims. But these old personal relics, of no monetary value—you can waive your avaricious and indelicate claim to them" He added the last words with a malicious smile, for the hardening look in Racine's face told him his request was hopeless, and he could not resist the temptation to put the matter with cutting force Racine rose to the bait with a jump

"Not one single thing—not one solitary, single thing——!"

"The sentiment is strong if the grammar is bad," interrupted Fournel, meaning to wound wherever he found an opportunity, for the Seigneur's deformity excited in him no pity; it rather incensed him against the man, as an affront to decency and to his own just claims to the honors the Frenchman enjoyed. It was a petty resentment, but George Fournel had set his heart upon playing the grand Seigneur over the Frenchmen of Pontiac, and ultimately leaving his fortune to the parish, if they all fell down and worshiped him and his "golden calf"

"The grammar is suitable to the case" retorted the Seigneur, his voice rising. "Everything is mine by law, and everything I will keep. If you think different, produce a will! produce a will!"

Truth was, Louis Racine would rather have parted with the Seigneury itself than with these relics asked for. They were reminiscent of the time when France and her golden lilies brooded over his land, of the days when Louis Quatorze was king. He cherished everything that had association with the days of the old régime as a miner hugs his gold or a woman her jewels. The request to give them up to this unsympathetic Englishman, who valued them because they had belonged to his friend the late Seigneur, only exasperated him

"I am ready to pay the highest possible price for them, as I have said!" urged the Englishman, realizing as he spoke that it was futile to urge the sale upon that basis

"[illegible] the things that Frenchmen love. We are not a race of hucksters!" retorted the Seigneur

"That accounts for your envious dispositions, then You can't buy what you want—you love such curious things, I assume! So you play the dog in the manger and won't let other decent folk buy what they want." He willfully distorted the other's meaning, and was delighted to see the Seigneur's fingers twitch with fury. "But since you can't buy the things you love—and you seem to think you should—how do you get them? Do you come by them honestly? or do you work miracles? When a spider makes love to his lady he dances before her to infatuate her, and then in a moment of her delighted aberration snatches at her affections Is it the way of the spider, then?"

With a snarl as of a wild beast, Louis Racine sprang forward and struck Fournel in the face with his clenched fist. Then, as Fournel, blinded, staggered back upon the bookshelves, he snatched two antique swords from the wall Throwing one on the floor in front of the Englishman, he ran to the door and locked it, and turned around, the sword grasped firmly in his hand, white with rage

"Spider! Spider! You shall have the spider dance before you!" he said hoarsely. He had mistaken Fournel's meaning. He had put the most horrible construction upon it. He thought that Fournel referred to his deformity, and had ruthlessly dragged in Madelinette as well

He was like a being distraught. His long brown hair was tossed over his blanched forehead and piercing black eyes His head was thrown forward even more than his deformity compelled, his white teeth showed in a grimace of hatred; he was half-crouched, like an animal ready to spring

"Take up the sword, or I'll run you through the heart where you stand!" he continued in a hoarse whisper. "I will give you till I can count three. Then——!"

Fournel felt that he had to deal with a man demented The blow he had received had laid open the flesh on his cheekbone and blood was flowing from the wound. Never in his life before had he been so humiliated—and by a Frenchman' It roused every instinct of race-hatred in him It roused the innate antipathy to his enemy to the point of fury. Yet he wanted not to go at him with a sword, but with his two honest hands and beat him into a whining submission. But the man was deformed, he had none of his own robust strength, he was not to be struck, but to be tossed out of the way like an offending child

He staunched the blood from his face, and made a step forward without a word, determined not to fight, but to take the weapon from the other's hands

"Coward!" said the Seigneur. "You dare not fight with the sword. With the sword we are even. I am as strong as you there—stronger, for I will have your blood. Coward! Coward! Coward! I will give you till I count three. *One! Two!*——"

Fournel did not stir. He could not make up his mind what to do. Cry out? No one could come in time to prevent the onslaught—and onslaught there would be, he knew. There was a merciless hatred in the Seigneur's face, a deadly purpose in his eyes; the wild determination of a man who did not care whether he lived or died, ready to throw himself upon a hundred in his hungry rage. It seemed so wild, so monstrous that the beautiful summer day through which came the sharp, ringing whetting of the scythe, the song of the birds, and the smell of ripening fruit and grain should be invaded by this tragic absurdity, this human fury which must spend itself in blood

He suddenly attacked with a fierce energy

(Continued on Page 15)

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The Professor in Practical Politics

THE people of a certain university town somewhere west of New England had long suffered from the rule of an illiterate and unscrupulous political boss. At last the good people arose in their might and said: "We will organize and boss things ourselves. We will get the very best men in the university to lead our organization." To this end they chose a great economist and a famous professor of law. Having college men at the head of their political organization they felt that all would go well. But there came an unhappy day when the forces of the boss and the new organization clashed in convention. The good people lost the fight because of a suddenly developed apathy on the part of the economist and the law professor. The following week the Governor of the State, to whom the boss owed the closest allegiance, appointed the economist to a place on the staff of a State institution, and made the lawyer a member of the board of public instruction. Then the good people saw that they had been betrayed by the college men they had chosen to lead them. And they marveled greatly.

Their mistake is a popular one. We have come to believe that a lack of education in the pedagogical sense is responsible for political dishonesty. We have believed that because Alderman So-and-So could not speak correct English he might be expected to line up with the "boodle gang" of the council. We have urged college men to enter politics, arguing that they would furnish the force necessary for its purification. But in imagining that honesty and unselfishness are the sure result of our present system of education we are wrong. Educated men are not all unselfish.

Higher education makes good men more useful and it gives bad men greater capabilities for evil. Therefore it is not the essential to pure politics. That essential is patriotism in its broad sense, patriotism that makes a man look to the good of his country and its people, makes him conserve their interests whether they be identical with his own or not. The patriotic man will not sell the interests of his State. The merely educated man may

The moral to be drawn is this: A college education as we see it to-day is not enough to insure a good citizen. Something more is required. This something is unselfish patriotism. But cannot this be made one of the results of education? Certainly it should be. If the State educates men it should educate them loyally to conserve her own interests. The movement to teach patriotism in our common schools is a good one. Care must be taken, however, that the right sort of patriotism be taught. The young American must not come to believe that patriotism consists solely in the risking of life to repel invaders. He must be taught that it consists no less in guarding the interests of the State in time of peace. That it consists not so much in physical courage as in unselfishness and honesty. —LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

A house is often known by the company it gets rid of.

Man's Humanity to Man

MAN is the only creature that is biggest when his weakness is greatest, when the tragical moment—which is death—makes him show his true self.

On the field of Wagram, Napoleon saw the body of a colonel whom he had rebuked, and his comment was, "I regret not having told him before the battle that I had forgotten everything." Old Bishop Hall used to say, "Death did not first strike Adam, the first sinful man, nor Cain, the first hypocrite, but Abel, the innocent and righteous."

In this country, in spite of the general good nature and patriotism, there are sectional differences which evoke bitter invective, and political oppositions which cause good men to go to the verge of hate itself, and denominational clashes which lead to very unreligious disputes and outbreaks.

But after all, how very small are human passions and the material performances of man! He built a great city on the shores of Portugal and one earthquake tumbled it over and killed fifty thousand people. On beautiful Sicily fifty-four happy cities and towns and three hundred villages were destroyed by earthquakes, and more than a hundred thousand people were killed. In the records of the past three centuries there are nearly two hundred instances of wholesale destruction by the great movements of Nature. And so it was in Galveston, a splendid city built upon the gulf shore, perfectly sure of its own security and joyful in its increasing prosperity. But the tornado came and human life was as a whisper in the storm, and all the strength of human construction toppled over like the child's house of cards.

In the supreme hours which followed section forgot section. Within a day a million dollars in food and money sprang like an angel out of Heaven to the rescue of the destitute. There was no thought of caste or class or creed. A people had been stricken and succor was needed. In the full proof of man's weakness to stand against aroused Nature, he arose to that supreme height which is beyond the touch of any tempest. True, there were, as there always have been and always will be, instances of inhumanity and plunder, but the offenders, when seen, were shot down with as much promptness as the weak were succored. The bright lights of our national disasters are so strong that the shadows hardly show.

And yet with it all there is the constant thought that no very large community is really safe. A blizzard cut off the supplies of New York, which was supposed to be beyond all ordinary want. It proved that even the best equipped city to a very large extent has to live from meal to meal, from day to day. The iron roads that connect it with the great country are only five feet wide, and Nature can blow a train off the track whenever her moods are tragic, and the routes to the sea are on waters that are full of wreckage.

But all of us must take chances in life, and even after we feel and know the limitations of ourselves and our dwelling-places there remain the broad sympathy and the instant aid which throw a rainbow over every great calamity and make life all the brighter after its darkest hours.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

A man's fame is not measured by the number of dollars he makes.

The Shortcomings of our Architects

IS ANY essential improvement going on in American architecture? True, our students have brought back from abroad a knowledge of many styles—too many—but have we come any closer to style itself? A good building may be seen here and there in isolation, but will the average street vista allow us to claim that we have yet learned to build together? The range and variety of new materials widen daily, but are we not still far from having subdued these materials to the purposes of art?

One very great drawback to good architecture is in the defective education of many of our architects. Some of them have never learned to think in the terms of their material. "Design" is the divinity of the practitioner; "rendering," the fetich of the student. The *sketch* is essentially at the bottom of the activity of either. But good architecture rests on a basis of logic; it calls for straight thinking applied to materials and carried on in materials. But these, by reason of new scientific discoveries and new mechanical appliances, become yearly more discordant and incongruous; and the logical defects that have been apparent ever since architecture ceased to be a living art, four hundred years ago, are daily growing greater still.

It avails little that the best of our young men are educated at the Beaux Arts in Paris and come to be at home in the style favored by that celebrated institution. The point is this: not to master *a* style, but to master (a much broader and more basic thing) style itself, style absolute. There is no more advantage in our accommodating ourselves to the consecrated traditions of French architecture than to the conventionalized manners of French society. They are not for us, both being artificial and insincere. Let us rather take our stand upon the lasting verities, upon the fundamental proprieties. Let us place our dependence upon right feeling and straight thinking

Architects and architectural amateurs judge a building almost solely on grounds of design—an error. How does an editor pass judgment on a bulky manuscript? A dip here and there at random will frequently suffice. His first question is this: *Does the writer know how to put words together?* So with a building; a part will do as well as the whole. Does the architect know how to put *his* words together—brick, stone, iron, glass, terra-cotta, what not? Ten buildings in a hundred might possibly survive this initial test. To them alone need the further test of "composition" be applied.

Too many of our architects insist (despite their inability for logical thought) upon independence, individualism—each glorying in his own zigzag initiative. But architecture is the one art where individual initiative is least desirable Let the painter, the poet, the musician give unimpeded expression to himself; but the watchword of the architect should be subordination, association. His art rests on a practical, material basis; for him, therefore, cooperation, mutual criticism. Let him herd with his own "chapter," bow to the sway of his own "institute." The great architecture of the world has always been produced by regular organizations whose members put brick and stone into place with their own hands—organizations whose slow and general advance had nothing in common with the bizarre willfulness and sensational self-assertion so rampant to-day. One manual training school may be worth a dozen schools of design.

But the architect is only one of the general public. If his work is vulgar, fidgety, illogical and full of humbug and blatancy, the fault is not his alone. It is ours, too. Yet signs of improvement are not wanting. Our restlessness may not have changed much for the better, but our vulgarity has. Though still robust and vainglorious, it is less absolutely meretricious—the Second Empire has been left far behind. There is the beginning of a return to plain building and straight thinking which may indicate the dawn of a noble sincerity, or merely a revival of simple common-sense.

Can we go further and say that a delicate concern for beauty has begun to manifest itself? "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle*" In building, too, one must suffer some sacrifice for the "idea"—some sacrifice in profit or even in convenience, such as is so common in the practice of the Latins, though to sacrifice percentage of income in order that pomp may trumpet success is scarcely the same thing. We want logic, we want grace. Together, they will make architecture for us. —HENRY B. FULLER.

Truth is stranger than fiction—in fact, to many it is a perfect stranger.

A Sturdy Symbol of Autumn

SEASONS are symbolical and have their respective colors. Civilization has never been able to disassociate itself entirely from Paganism, and even very ordinary people, not to mention the poets, are given to the creation of abstract images analogous to the different seasons of the year. The winter months are linked inevitably with mortality. The weavers of the sky ply their snow-shuttles so industriously that the earth sleeps under a shroud of white. White is the color of death. The flowers have withered; the bushes, stripped of their beauty, stand silently, like ghosts, by the roadside; the trees, bereft of their plumage, are lifeless, the rugose lines of their boles accentuated by the foil of snow.

Spring bugles a rippling note across the fields and meadows, and at the summons little sprouts of yellow green peek saucily through the black earth. Nature experiences a gentle thrill. The flowers begin to bud, the bushes are revivified, and the sap swims in the trees. The pencil of the rhymster and the brush of the painter find inspiration in the very exuberance of a fancy fed on the vitalized air. To the end of time life and love will remain the symbol of the spring. Summer has its symbol, too, one of the most perfect images of all the seasons. It is the mating time of the year.

Autumn alone lacks a fitting symbol. The poets, for some reason or other, have failed to agree on some specific image that will typify this russet season. They have experimented in hectic flushes until we have come almost to look upon autumn as a frail, consumptive girl, to whom the first icy blast will prove fatal. This lack of an appropriate symbol is to be deplored, and the suggestion is made that the robust, padded figure of a football player be adopted. There is no good reason why this should not be so. Spring brings flowers, budding trees, love-lorn swains, blushing maidens and malaria. Summer follows spring, and brings ripening fields, matrimony and mosquitoes. Autumn brings the richest gifts of the year. With autumn comes the opening of the colleges and the advent of the football hero. Contemporaneous with his appearance is the chrysanthemum. Both wear their hair after the same fashion. Both are things of beauty and joys for the season. Both disappear from public notice about the same time. So away with the symbol of the frail maiden with the Rossetti eyes and the Burne Jones hair; and sing hey! for the stalwart, chrysanthemum-crowned hero of the gridiron. —J. N. HILLIARD.

The man who takes pains and takes exercise takes little medicine.

Not a Question of Dollars

NOWADAYS the campaign orators of both political parties are striving to make clear to the mind of the voter the country's duty regarding our new possessions. The sovereignty of the United States over the Philippines or their complete independence is one of the debatable questions to be determined at the polls in November, and one that only the conscience of the voter should decide.

It is not a question of whether it will prove a good financial investment to hold these islands by force of arms, but whether it be just and honorable in us to do so. We insult American manhood when we talk of commercial gain in connection with expansion or anti-expansion. To assert, as many do, that it will or will not pay to annex the Philippines is no argument either for or against, but rather an insinuation that the people of this country are led entirely by dollars and cents, that the mercenary spirit is uppermost, and that the solution of this problem is one simply of profit or loss.

The national purse cannot be taken into account when considering questions of right or wrong. All thought of commercialism must be banished from the mind of the citizen who casts his ballot either for or against expansion.

Is it right, or is it wrong? This is the question that confronts us and we must look to our code of morals and ponder well before giving it a final answer. The policy of a great Republic such as ours must be shaped only in the clear, white light of Honor and Justice, regardless of whether or not trade follows the flag. —HERBERT BASHFORD.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

GENERAL HENRY KYD DOUGLAS — MR. JOHN E. WILKIE — REAR-ADMIRAL FARQUHAR

Where Doctor Hoyt Could Have Stopped

Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, the pastor of the Chambers-Wylie Memorial Church, of Philadelphia, was recently entertaining President Patton, of Princeton, General John B. Gordon, and other eminent men, at dinner. The guests were speaking in strong praise of a sermon the minister had just preached, and those who were versed in theology were discussing the doctrinal points he had brought out

Doctor Hoyt's young son was sitting at the table, and President Patton, turning to him, said:

"My boy, what did you think of your father's sermon? I saw you listening intently to it;" at which praise Mrs. Hoyt smiled cordially, and all listened to hear what sort of a reply the lad would make

"I guess it was very good," said the boy "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."

General Douglas and the Fearless Coward

General Henry Kyd Douglas, soldier, jurist, statesman and social lion, added to his long and interesting career of versatility last summer by winning great applause and golden comments at a fashionable cake-walk given at one of the Northern resorts. There is very little that General Douglas cannot do. He was the Chief of Staff under Stonewall Jackson and learned the art of war from that great general. He was called one of the most fearless and dashing riders in the whole Southern Army. He is the kind of hero who would meet death as cheerfully as he would pick up a perfumed handkerchief upon a ballroom floor. Every year his engagement to some prominent lady is announced and promptly denied. He is one of the men who happen to be happy though bachelors

Among the stories he tells of his army experience is that of the bravest man he ever knew. He saw a young fellow start to run, then halt, and go forward marching into what seemed to be the very jaws of death. He expected as a matter of course that he would be killed and gave no more thought to him until after the battle. Riding over the field he recognized the rash youth. He asked him what had impelled him to do such a brave thing. The reply, after some hesitation, was as follows

"Well, Colonel, it was just this way. I am the worst coward on earth, and I started to run, and I intended to keep on running till I got home, but all of a sudden the face of a little girl rose before me, and when I saw her eyes I knew I just had to fight, and then I waded in and did my best."

Admiral Farquhar's Enviable Billet

One of the pleasantest berths in the navy this year fell very deservedly to the lot of Rear-Admiral Norman H Farquhar. He has been in command of the North Atlantic Squadron, and Newport and Bar Harbor have been the chief stations of the ships. Of course this meant the pleasantest kind of entertainment and all sorts of good times for the officers

The coming of the British squadron was the chief event of the season, and Admiral Farquhar, who is a graceful host and a delightful gentleman, received the British visitors most handsomely

There was one incident, however, which taxed his diplomacy, and that was the action of a Bar Harbor resident who hoisted a Boer flag when the British arrived. Fortunately the local committee took the matter in charge and settled it, and Admiral Farquhar had only to remain profoundly ignorant of the whole incident, although it took place before his eyes

To see the Admiral and to observe his activity and youthful manner one would not think that he was a veteran of the Civil War, and that before the war began he with a crew of only ten men brought a captured slaver across the ocean to the United States

He served through the Civil War and was constantly promoted for faithful duty and bravery, but probably his greatest act was in the tragedy at Apia, Samoa, on March 16, 1889, when the great hurricane swept so many men to destruction. On that occasion he commanded the Trenton, which was wrecked, but so well did he handle his men that the whole crew of 450, including officers, were brought safely ashore

It was known that Admiral Farquhar was one of the naval officers who were keenly disappointed in not getting an active part in the war with Spain, and it was partly to remove this feeling that he was given the command of the North Atlantic Squadron at a time when it was one of the highest honors in the naval service, and one that was among the most eagerly sought after. Admiral Farquhar was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, sixty years ago, and graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1859

Richard Croker's Icy Humor

All the politicians in New York know about Mr. Richard Croker's soreness over the Ice Trust tangle

The Democratic "boss" brought some of his Irish humor to play upon those who, as he thought, had at least been indiscreet, and Mr. Croker can put a world of meaning into a few words. To illustrate this, one of the Tammany leaders has been telling a little story about him

It seems that Mr. Croker met Mr. J Sergeant Cram in City Hall Park one day just after he had returned from Europe; for, as all the world knows, Mr. Croker was in England when the Ice Trust trouble came on. Mr. Cram had just met with a severe accident, having broken his arm below the elbow, and he had it heavily bandaged and in a sling.

As the two men met and shook hands, Mr. Cram extended his left hand, explaining his action by an apologetic look at his bandaged arm

"Well, Sergeant," said Mr. Croker, "did you slip up on the ice?"

The Chief Catcher of Counterfeiters

Mr. John E. Wilkie, Chief of the United States Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department, has had an interesting career. He is forty years old, and was for some years an active newspaper man in Chicago, and for a time a foreign correspondent. He has also been engaged in the banking and steamship business, but he gave that up to return to newspaper work, where he made a specialty of criminal investigation.

He was, on this account, chosen by Secretary Gage to be Chief of the Secret Service in February, 1898, and he organized a special force of men to ferret out Spanish spies during the Spanish-American War, and to arrest them or drive them from the country

The principal work of his department is the suppression of counterfeiting, the arrest of counterfeiters and the gathering of sufficient evidence to secure their punishment. No class of criminals is so splendidly equipped for crime because counterfeiters are almost always men of fine education, cunning and keen and bold, and with fingers and technical skill to match their brains. They often plan for months and years, and their plots are widespread in their ramifications, yet the Secret Service men watch for them and pursue them with a skill and boldness more than equal to their own

"Counterfeiters never yet secured the wealth of which they dream," said Mr. Wilkie a few days ago, "but detection and conviction inevitably come instead."

The detection of counterfeiting has become more difficult than it used to be

"In years gone by," said Mr. Wilkie, "the counterfeiter depended solely on the keenness of his eye and the certainty of his stroke to reproduce a beautiful and complicated design, and, try as he might to eliminate his own characteristics, there was nearly always something that enabled the Government experts to detect the counterfeiting. The men capable of producing a dangerous imitation might have been counted on one's fingers

"In recent years, however, the camera has been used to do work that in itself could not betray the maker. The finest examples of this class of counterfeits with which the Government has had to deal were the ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred dollar bills engraved in connection with the gigantic conspiracy recently exposed in Eastern Pennsylvania. More money and brains were enlisted in this scheme than in any similar crime in the history of the Treasury Department, but the promoters and engravers were arrested and punished, and the plates, paper, tools and presses were captured."

The office of the Chief of the Secret Service is in Washington. The United States is divided into districts, in each of which is a deputy in charge with several assistants. With every member of the field force Chief Wilkie is constantly in touch, and any number of trained men can be concentrated at a given point in a remarkably brief time.

From Davis "To a Good Soldier"

That Mr. Richard Harding Davis knows how to gain the good will of soldiers is shown by an incident that occurred while he was correspondent with the army about to sail for Cuba.

It was in May, 1898, and Massachusetts troops were being drilled at Lakeland, Florida. Mr. Davis went up there from Tampa several times and on one visit found the men in sorrow. They had had their first death—that of a young man named Weslie A. Brass, from the western part of Massachusetts

Mr. Davis at once had the changed attitude of a man who had had a severe loss. He went around the camp very, very quietly, and when he rounded up at the bungalow where the newspaper men were stopping he was anxious, above all, to pay some mark of respect to the memory of this poor young soldier

All through the night he must have had it on his mind, for when he arose on the following morning, a broiling, dry, hot day which set the blood sizzling inside of one, he had determined that he was going to give some sort of a tribute

He wanted flowers and out into the sun he tramped From place to place he went, but not a flower was to be had For two hours he kept up his search, but money could not buy a blossom. He was told, however, that eight miles away, at a lake side, he might get some

Along the single main street of Lakeland the petty shopkeepers were dozing through their noon hours; no one was abroad who did not positively have to be; but out into the blistering heat Mr. Davis started away on horseback for a sixteen-mile trip. He found the flowers, brought them back, protecting them as carefully as possible from the heat of the sun, and then, with his own hands, he made a simple cross of laths and tied them on

He still needed some colors. A flag was not to be had. From store to store he tramped, waking up the proprietors, till he got some red, white and blue ribbon, and that night his tribute, a rude-shaped, flower-covered cross, tied with the ribbons, lay upon the casket in the clapboarded church.

He remained in town for the burial, and when another service was held, a week later, in the boy's home town, Mr. Davis' tribute, "To a Good Soldier," lay, faded and battered, upon the casket, and later was placed on the grave

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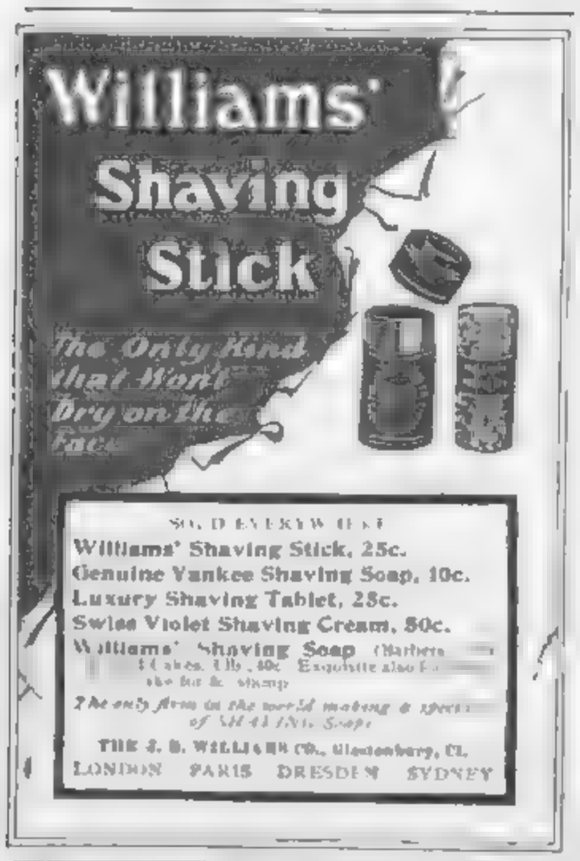

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Foreign Triumphs of Americans

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The man who conquered the street railway problem in Chicago was handicapped by a previous failure but, in the contest which required the harder efforts, he won. It was a victory that brought him millions of money and ordinarily one would suppose that he would be satisfied. But the successful Chicagoan is a modern Alexander who sighs for more worlds, and consequently, in this case, the other side of the Atlantic was selected and London became the objective point. According to the dispatches, a cool half million was spent upon the charter and months were required to obtain it. But the result is now certain. The transportation problem in London is to be solved by an American, with American capital and American methods

Whatever Great Britain may do or try to do toward this country in the future, her people will be paying tribute to American leadership. The fact that an expenditure of about $20,000,000 is involved is a small matter. The really great thing is that the American has secured the charter, and that he is going to do for London what all the greatness of England has never been able to accomplish — that is, provide rapid transit for the millions of the world's greatest city Of course, electricity will be used and the electrical power and construction throughout will be American.

America's Great Opportunity

In this practical world there is nothing quite so great as a great opportunity

During the past twelve months much has occurred in England. More than 200,000 troops, the flower of British manhood, have been chasing Boers in South Africa, and have been causing the Government to spend millions of dollars a day, and to lay the hand of taxation heavily upon the people. With the absence of part of England's working force and with the presence of the financial problem, the sharp-witted American saw his chance. This has happened not only in regard to the transportation problem in London, not only in respect to the charters for trolley lines in the other cities of England, Scotland and Wales, but also in respect to the building of large industries on American plans and the profitable employment of American capital.

England made millions out of our Civil War and did not lose anything in our war with Spain. Now it is the turn of the United States, and we are not only making up the past percentages, but, in the end, we shall add a very large interest upon all the totals There is little sentiment in business, and when Great Britain chose to centre its interests and activities in South Africa, she could not complain because bright Americans saw the chance for profit and trapped it

Sensations in Statistics

Figures are generally dull, but some of the totals of our present trade are so startling that they have a sensational interest far beyond anything which fiction can offer In round numbers, we are now sending from our shores $4,000,000 worth of exports every day, including Sundays. Of this, over $1,000,000 per day is in manufactured goods

Take the increase by decades. The figures given are quoted from a statement from the Treasury Department: "In 1860 the exports of manufactures averaged three and one half millions per month; in 1870 they were a little over five millions per month; in 1880 they were less than ten millions per month; in 1890 they were twelve and one half millions per month; in 1899 they were twenty-eight millions per month, and in the fiscal year 1900, thirty six million dollars per month"

The great significance of these figures lies in the fact that more than three fourths of all these exports go to Europe. Some people think that we are sending only agricultural products to Great Britain, France and Germany, whereas the fact is that the great bulk of our manufactured goods goes to the very countries which have hitherto controlled the markets of the world.

Changes in a Generation

Take the average person who reads The Saturday Evening Post. Say he is thirty years of age. He probably began to take notice of trade facts or statistics in some form, either at school or at home, when he was ten years of age. That was twenty years ago. Then, if he can recall the figures, he learned that the United States exported in manufactures $102,856,015 per year, or about one-ninth of the total that Great Britain exported. Now he knows that we are exporting this year over $432,000,000 worth of manufactures, or nearly one-half of Great Britain's total. Or he may come closer yet Ten years ago our percentage of exports and manufactures was less than eighteen while Great Britain's was 84.93. It has nearly doubled since then, while Great Britain's percentage has actually decreased

There is a further fact that the United States is meeting Great Britain, France and Germany in all parts of the world The vast wheat fields of Argentina are now tilled with American machinery, in spite of the fact that the trade of the country has been so long and so closely controlled by Europe. As this is being written, the Czar of Russia, by special order, has in progress an exhibit of American machinery, and it is so much superior in all points to that of the European factories that it is sure to be used almost entirely in the development of Siberia

Leading in Little Things Also

In big things this country leads so markedly that sometimes it hardly seems that it has any competition. In wealth it is at least twenty-five per cent. ahead of any other nation. In coal and other resources it has a paramountcy — to borrow a word from our current politics — which towers beautifully. In the annual products of its manufactured industries it is nearly fifty per cent ahead of Great Britain and so far ahead of every other country that the contrasts are uninteresting

At the same time it keeps up its greatness in small things as well as in big. From sewing machines and typewriters to steam engines and cantilever bridges it rules. It not only feeds the large part of Europe's population, but it keeps them warm and makes them comfortable. A recent incident shows to what extent the conquest of Europe by the United States has gone. For years, London and Paris have been the headquarters for Turkish towels and the finer qualities of similar products. To-day one of the greatest manufacturers of such things in Pennsylvania has more orders from London and Paris than he can supply. Take the list of exports filling each ship sailing from America, and you will be astonished at the variety of products which this country is now supplying to Europe. Almost everything is included

Why We are Forging to the Front

The explanation is found in a variety of causes. We have the raw material and our mechanical processes are better and newer The American workman produces on the average twice as much as the European workman. The Americans spend more fortunes to get the best results, but the profits more than pay for the investment and the results soon distance all competition.

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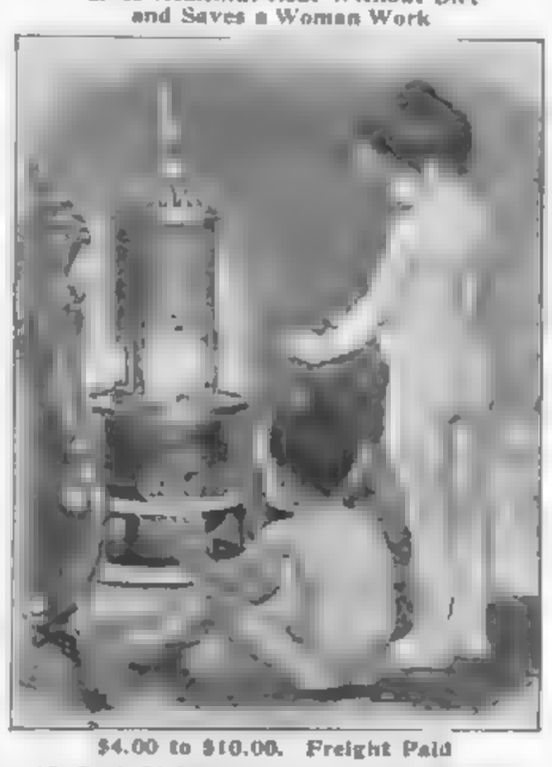

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Pullman Razor Strop

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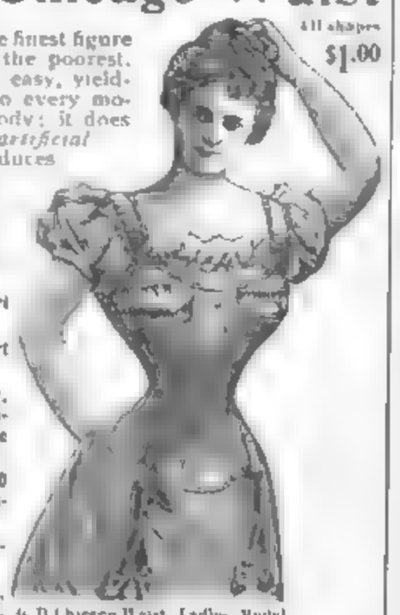

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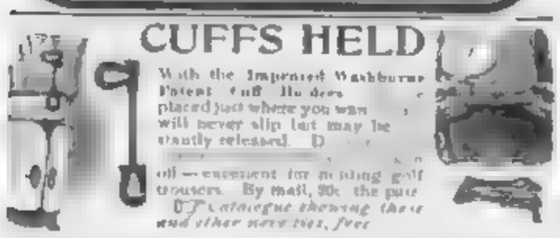

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The Lane that Had No Turning

(*Continued from Page 11*)

Fournel's mind was conscious of this feeling, this sense of futile, foolish waste and disfigurement, even as the Seigneur said, "*Three!*" and, rushing forward, made a thrust at him

As Fournel saw the blade spring at him he dropped on one knee, caught it with his left hand as it came, and thrust it aside. The blade lacerated his fingers and his palm, but he did not let go till he had seized the sword at his feet with his right hand. Then, springing up with it, he stepped back quickly and grasped his weapon fiercely enough now.

Yet, enraged as he was, he had no wish to fight, to involve himself in a fracas which might end in tragedy and the courts of the land. It was a high price to pay for any satisfaction he might have in this affair. If the Seigneur were killed in the encounter he must defend himself now!—what a miserable notoriety and possible public punishment and legal penalty! For who could vouch for the truth of his story? Even if he only wounded Racine, what a wretched story to go abroad: that he had fought with a hunchback—a hunchback who knew the use of the sword, which he did not, but still a hunchback!

"Stop this nonsense!" he said as Louis Racine prepared to attack again. "Don't be a fool! The game isn't worth the candle."

"One of us does not leave this room alive!" said the Seigneur. He laughed a low, hateful laugh. "You care for life You love it, *and you can't buy what you love from me!* I don't care for life, and I would gladly die to see your blood flow. Look, it's flowing down your face; it's dripping from your hand, and there shall be more dripping soon! *On guard!*"

He suddenly attacked with a fierce energy, forcing Fournel back upon the wall. He was not a first-class swordsman, but he had far more knowledge of the weapon than his opponent, and he had no scruple about using his knowledge. Fournel fought with desperate alertness yet awkwardly, and he could not attack. It was all that he could do, all that he knew how to do, to defend himself. Twice again did the Seigneur's weapon draw blood, once from the shoulder and once from the leg of his opponent, and the blood was flowing from each wound. After the second injury they stood panting for a moment. Now the outside world was shut out from Fournel's senses, as it was from Louis Racine's. The only world they knew was this cool room whose oak floors were browned by the slow, searching stains of Time and darkened by the footsteps of six generations that had come and gone through the old house. The books along the walls seemed to cry out against the unseemly and unholy strife. But now both men were in that atmosphere of supreme egoism where only their two selves moved, and where the only thing that mattered on earth was the issue of this strife. Fournel could only think of how to save his life, and to do that he must become the aggressor, for his wounds were bleeding hard, and he must have more wounds, if the fight went on without harm to the Seigneur

"You know what it is to insult a Frenchman, to call him rebel and spider! *On guard!*" again cried the Seigneur in a shriller voice, for everything in him now was pitched to the highest note.

Again he attacked, and the sound of the large swords meeting clashed on the soft air. As they struggled a voice came ringing through the passages, singing a bar from an opera

> "O eager golden day, O happy evening hour!
> Behold my lover cometh from fields of wrath and hate!
> Sheathed is his sword, he cometh to my bower:
> In war he findeth honor, and love within the gate"

The voice came nearer and nearer. It pierced the tragic separateness of the scene of blood It reached the ears of the Seigneur, and a look of pain shot across his face Fournel was only dimly aware of the voice, for he was hard pressed and it seemed to come from infinite distances. Presently the voice stopped, and some one tried the door of the room.

It was Madelinette. Astonished at finding it locked, she stood still a moment uncertain what to do. Then the sounds of the struggle within came to her ears. She shook the door, leaned her shoulders against it, and called, "Louis! Louis!" Suddenly she darted away, found Havel, the faithful servant, in the passage, and brought him swiftly to the door. The man sprang upon it, striking with his shoulder. The lock gave, the door flew open, and Madelinette stepped swiftly into the room in time to see George Fournel sway and fall, his sword rattling on the hard oak floor

"Louis! what have you done, Louis" she cried; then added hurriedly to Havel "Draw the blind, shut the door, and tell Madame Marie to bring some water quickly!"

The silent servant vanished, and she dropped on her knees beside the bleeding and insensible man, and lifted his head

"He insulted you and me and I've killed him, Madelinette," said Louis hoarsely

A horrified look crossed her face and she hurriedly and tremblingly opened Fournel's waistcoat and shirt and felt to find if his heart were beating

She was freshly startled by the sound of a struggle behind her, and, turning quickly, she saw Madame Marie holding the Seigneur's arm to prevent him from ending his own life

She sprang up and laid her hand upon her husband's arm. "He is not dead—you need not do it, Louis," she said quietly There was no alarm, no undue excitement in her face now. She was acting with good presence of mind A new sense was working in her. Something had gone from her suddenly where her husband was concerned, and something else had taken its place An infinite pity, a bitter sorrow, and a gentle command were in her eyes all at once—new vistas of life opened before her, all in an instant

"He is not dead, and there is no need to kill yourself, Louis," she repeated, and her voice had a command in it that was not to be gainsaid. "Since you have vindicated your honor, you will now help me to set this business right."

Madame Marie was on her knees beside the insensible man. "No, he is not dead, thank God!" she murmured, and while Havel stripped the arm and leg, she poured some water between Fournel's lips. Her long experience as the Little Chemist's wife served her well now

Now that the excitement was over, Louis collapsed. He swayed and would have fallen, but Madelinette caught him, helped him to the sofa, and forcing him gently down on his side, adjusted a pillow for him, and turned to the wounded man again.

An hour went busily by in the closely curtained room, and at last George Fournel, conscious, and with wounds well bandaged, sat in a big armchair, glowering around him. At his first coming to, Louis Racine, at his wife's insistence, had come and offered his hand, and made apology for assaulting him in his own house

Fournel's reply had been that he wanted to hear no more fool's talk and to have no more fool's doings, and that one day he hoped to take his pay for the day's business in a satisfactory way

Madelinette made no apology, said nothing, save that she hoped he would remain for a few days, till he was recovered enough to be moved. To this he replied that he would leave as soon as his horses were ready and refused to take food or drink from their hands His servant was brought from the Louis-Quinze, and through him he got what was needed for refreshment, and requested that no one of the household should come near him. At night in the darkness he took his departure, no servant of the household in attendance. But as he got into the carriage, Madelinette came quickly to him and said:

"I would give ten years of my life to undo to-day's work!"

"I have no quarrel with you, Madame!" he said gloomily, raised his hat and was driven away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Last Night

By Emery Pottle

SOME careless fiddler's plaintive croon
Upon a dusky, broken stair—
How could he know her favorite tune
That swaying, trembling, haunting air?
A blur of tears as sunlit rain,
Then the sweet pain of memory—
Oh, foolish strings, to wake again
The night she played her heart to me!

New Fall Suits and Cloaks

OUR new Fall Catalogue of Suits and Cloaks is now ready and contains some new features never before shown in a catalogue of this kind. We picture in it all of the newest styles and will mail it *free* together with samples of materials to select from to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost. Bear in mind that we keep no ready-made garments—everything is made especially to the customer's orders and desires as regards quality, cut, finish and price. *Our prices this season are lower than ever before.* We pay all express charges. Our new Fall Catalogue is ready

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Visiting and Church Dresses at very moderate prices.

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New French Skirts cut according to the latest models $4 up

Golf Capes Newmarkets, Rainy-Day Suits and Rainy-Day Skirts made of double face materials.

We send, free, to any part of the country, samples of the materials we select from, to any lady who writes us for them, at our own great cost. Be sure to say whether you wish samples for suits or for cloaks and we will then be able to send you exactly what you desire. Write to-day for Catalogue and Samples and you will get them *free* by return mail

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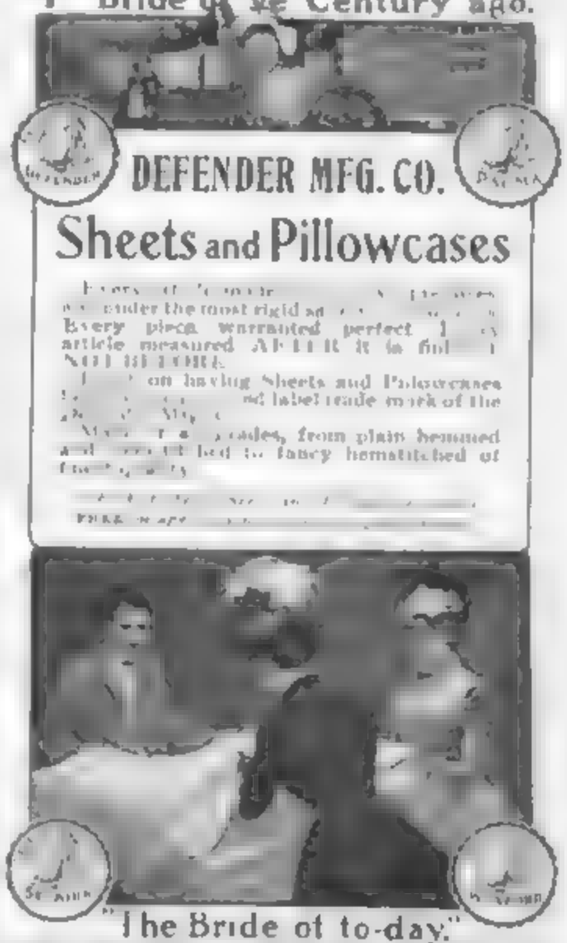
"Ye Bride of ye Century ago."



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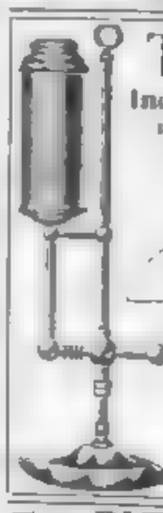
Write for booklet.

"The Bride of to-day."



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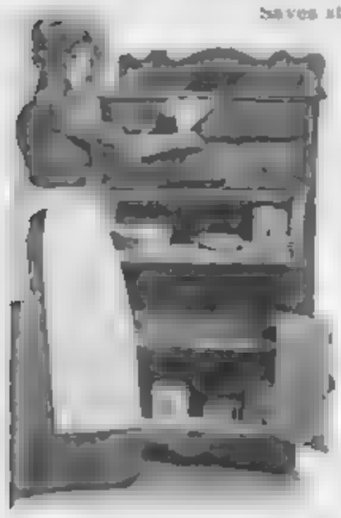

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Tales for the Traveling Public

By P. S. EUSTIS

GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY RAILROAD

IF THE great "traveling public" of America better understood the duties and functions of the man in command of the passenger end of the business of the big railroad, if it realized better what it actually demands of this official, and also what it may reasonably require and expect of him, a thousand vexatious, absurd and distressing experiences might easily be avoided and railroad travel be turned, at least to the more inexperienced, from a terrifying ordeal into something approaching a delight.

It is in the hope of dropping a few hints that may facilitate the movements of the traveling public and lessen its burdens and vexations that I attempt to offer a few simple and practical suggestions illustrated by anecdotes from personal experiences and observation.

The scope of a General Passenger Agent's duties—and incidentally of his trials and tribulations—is little known outside the close circle of "passenger men."

The principal responsibilities with which he is charged are: To plan and arrange for the passenger train service most likely to prove profitable to the road; to print and furnish to agents all the necessary tickets, to compile and publish the rates at which tickets shall be sold; to advertise the advantages the railroad offers for the patronage of the public. In addition to his chief assistants in the head office he has under his control a large force of outside passenger agents, covering not only the section of country through which the road runs, but also "foreign territory" on the lines of other roads—in short, they are at all points where he may reasonably expect business for his line to "originate." Many of these outside men have offices and corps of assistants who report to them, while others are constantly traveling from place to place and need only a desk at headquarters.

Two of the principal personages on the staff of the General Passenger Agent are usually entirely overlooked and forgotten by the traveling public; these are the General Baggage Agent and the Commissary who looks after the dining-car and eating-house arrangements of the road. Obviously the first thing the General Passenger Agent needs in his business is a carefully perfected train service; the general lines or policy of this service are established by his superiors—the President, General Manager and General Superintendent of the system.

Strings and Tacks that Save Life

Then he applies himself to the exacting task of "building a time-card" for every division of the road. This is a far more picturesque performance than the public would naturally imagine, and is a task involving the utmost responsibility, for the slightest mistake might result in a serious accident attended by loss of life and the destruction of a large amount of property. For this reason, it does not do to depend, in formulating a time-card, upon even the most careful figures and mathematical calculations; nothing short of a pictorial, visual demonstration of the train service of each division is sufficient to insure the required accuracy in these calculations. A map or picture of all the train movements of each division must be spread before the eyes of the officials to whom the duty of formulating the time-card is delegated. By this means any error or inconsistency in calculations is brought, through the sense of sight, to the attention of the men composing the "time-card meeting," as sharply as if they stood beside the railroad track and saw two trains smashing together on the rails.

In a big room, in the general offices of each road, are several large mounted boards, resembling swinging blackboards. Each board represents a division of the road, and on the margin, at each end, reading from top to bottom, is a list of the stations of the division. Opposite each station is marked the exact distance between it and the station preceding.

The field of the board is divided into little checks, each representing a period of five minutes, and the whole distance from left to right standing for one day of twenty-four hours. Armed with a quantity of red and black strings, and with tiny tacks and thumb-screws similar to those in the scroll of a [illegible] the General Superintendent, the General Passenger Agent, the Division Superintendent, the Chief Train Dispatcher of each division, the Commissary, the Superintendent of Equipment, the United States District Superintendent of Mails, and perhaps other officials, apply themselves to the exacting work of "stringing the time-card." Red cords signify passenger trains and black cords freight trains.

Every tiny square crossed by one of these cords signifies five minutes of the train's running time, and a completed board has the appearance of a minutely checked field covered by zigzag strings. If each train were able to maintain an absolutely uniform rate of speed from its starting point to its destination, the strings would obviously run in a perfectly straight line, stretching obliquely from the top to the bottom of the board; but owing to grades and a score of other interfering conditions, the speed of the train must necessarily vary over different sections of the road.

Allowances for all these variations from the highest pitch or standard of speed must be taken into account and provided for. For instance, twelve minutes is required to run over the first three miles from the Chicago depot. This means that the string representing the train in question moves sharply across the board for almost three spaces, or until the first suburban stop is reached. Here one of the small tacks is stuck into the board and from this point to the next station the string crosses fewer of the five-minute checks, by reason of the fact that the train is able to run at a higher rate of speed. When a board has been completely strung the General Superintendent reads from the plat before him the "time" of each train, beginning with its departure from its first station and giving the hour and minute of its arrival at every subsequent station covered in its run.

These figures are written down in an official time-card blank by the General Superintendent's chief clerk, who distinctly repeats and checks back each entry. The blanks thus prepared are sent to the printer, who reproduces them in the form of "official time-cards" for the exclusive use of trainmen and employees of the company. From these official time-cards the General Passenger Agent formulates the public time-tables which appear in the "folders" distributed to the patrons of the road.

It is impossible even to suggest the appalling array of considerations which must be taken into account in stringing a time-card, but it is sufficient to say that almost every influence affecting the freight, passenger, express and United States mail traffic of the road must be considered in every movement of each string or "train" which traces its way from tack to tack across the "time-board." Consequently a "time-card" meeting is one of the most important official functions that take place at the headquarters of a railroad.

Forced by a Grudge to Washington

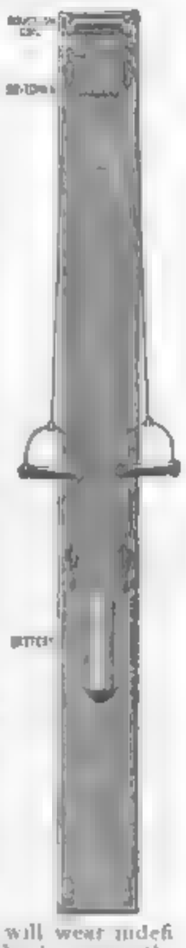
One of the most difficult problems in modern railroading with which the General Passenger Agent has had to deal is that of compliance with the restrictions of the Interstate Commerce Law, which requires that all rates shall be plainly printed in easily understood "tariffs" and posted for the information of the traveling public. The purpose of this law is that of making it possible for any man of intelligence, desiring to purchase a ticket, to go to this tariff sheet and determine by his own calculations what he should pay for the desired transportation, thus providing against any discrimination between passengers in the rate charged for transportation.

Compiling and printing these tariffs is exceedingly expensive and burdensome, and the rates specifically given apply between only a limited number of important destinations. For instance, a railroad having twelve hundred stations prints only the through rates of fare from, perhaps, only one hundred of the principal cities on its line, but the tariffs contain information from which the prospective passenger may calculate the proper rate to almost any given destination.

About two years ago the General Passenger Agents of the leading railroad systems of the

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers by Mr. Eustis entitled Tales for the Traveling Public.

THE "FORTIS" *Electric Exerciser*



Combines the most approved form of high-class medicinal electric apparatus with muscular exercise.

The machine is similar to the ordinary elastic exerciser which has been so widely used, except that it is mounted on a highly finished oak panel, and the cords which run over the pulleys are conductors through which the current is transmitted from the battery and induction coil to the electrode handles. The current can be passed from either hand through the body to the other hand, or by means of the foot plate through the body to the feet, or vice-versa. The current can be regulated by simply touching a slide, from so mild as to be just perceptible to a strength sufficient for the strongest man.

Many physicians now agree that electricity is a most useful agent in treating almost every form of disease, and the **Fortis Exerciser** will produce the same benefits as medical batteries at a fraction of their cost. This exerciser will be found of incalculable benefit to nervous and sedentary persons, as a stimulant that produces vigorous and refreshing muscular contraction without subsequent exhaustion. For **headache, nervousness and exhaustion, insomnia, neuralgia,** and the many other complaints for which electricity is recommended by the physicians, **its effect is almost MAGICAL.**

The machine is perfectly constructed, handsomely finished, and will wear indefinitely. The life of the battery is about six months, and it can be replaced for 25 cents.

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If your dealer don't carry it, we will send, express prepaid.

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Write and we will tell you how to earn the money. Give the name of a minister or doctor for reference; and the name of your grocer, as all orders will be filled through him.

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TO ADULTS: If your grocer hasn't Ralston, send us his name for a sample, free.

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Having Hardwood Floors, should be finished with

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To insure a brilliant Polish that is *durable*, and which can be kept in perfect condition with little labor.

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Saves time in Carriage Barn and Wagon Shed, also in lifting heavy articles in the house. Simple, Strong, Durable. So compact that it can be carried in any vehicle, yet is a Giant in Strength. Malleable Iron and Hardwood, neatly finished. Quality warranted, price reasonable. Live agents are making big money. Free Samples. Easy terms. Send for free illustrated catalogue.

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Size 5½ x 8. 1700 Subjects.

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Send two 2-c. stamps for four sample pictures and 32-page catalogue, illustrated with thirty pictures.

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McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., New York

country were called to Washington to explain to the Interstate Commerce Commission the reason for this abridgment of the printed tariffs. This action was brought about by a complaint entered by some individual who evidently cherished a grudge against all railroads and knew how to give them the largest possible amount of trouble with the least exertion and responsibility on his own part.

It was explained to the Commissioners that a literal or "letter-perfect" compliance with the demands of the law would cost the railroads more than they received for the tickets. The Commissioners were shown, as an example, that though we offered to sell tickets from La Grange, Illinois, to any other point in the United States, our income from the sale of such tickets would amount to but a few hundred dollars in a year, whereas it would cost us several thousand dollars to print and post at the La Grange depot a full tariff of all the rates, and that rather than to do this we would abolish the sale of through tickets from La Grange altogether. This would imply a return to the practice in vogue thirty years ago, when, if you wished to go to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, you bought a ticket and checked your trunk from La Grange to Chicago, there buying another ticket and rechecking your trunk to Pittsburg, arriving there, perhaps, at two o'clock in the morning. At Pittsburg another ticket would have to be purchased and your trunk rechecked to Lancaster, your final destination.

As the Interstate Commerce Commissioners had no intention of so construing the law as to paralyze completely the passenger traffic of America, they tabled the question, and from that day to this nothing more has been heard from them on this kind of complaint.

The Work of the Baggage-Smasher

The traveling public may be inclined to rate the handling of baggage as one of the most insignificant functions of the passenger department of a big railroad—and so it is, considered from the standpoint of "revenue." But it is also one of the most generally abused and ill-appreciated lines of work undertaken by a railroad. The slightest mistake in handling a piece of baggage is sufficient to bring down upon the American system of baggage transportation the anathemas of the unfortunate patron, who is pleased to regard it as a shining example of all that is slipshod, unbusinesslike and ineffective. For his benefit let it be said that the American method of baggage handling is the world's model in point of promptness, and that if it were suddenly exchanged for the cumbersome, but more exact, systems employed in certain foreign countries, the entire traveling public of the United States would be thrown into a paroxysm of rage, and the baggage-rooms of our railroads would be the scene of general pandemonium.

It should be a source of wonder to every person who checks baggage over an American railroad that so few pieces are lost or miscarried, especially when he considers the simplicity and promptness with which trunks, valises, etc., are forwarded. If an elaborate system of waybill checking or "receipting" for baggage were in vogue, the practice would entail an almost incalculable amount of delay, intolerable to the American public, which makes rapidity of movement a first consideration in all matters of transportation.

Invitation in Autumn

By Clinton Scollard

SYLVIA, where shall we fare,
In this time of the burning bough,
On this morn of the amethyst air,
And the low, late robin's vow?
Prythee, where shall we fare?

The hill-paths call and call,
And you know the lure, my sweet!
Over the meadow-wall
Is the track for a truant's feet,
Where the forest shadows fall.

Is the answer "yea" or "nay"?
No fairer the acanthars
Of the bland Egyptian day
Than our purpling aster-stars,
To guide on the upland way!

Just Love and you and I!
Never another one
Under the kindly sky
And the old benignant sun!—
Just Love and you and I!

The World's Greatest Novelist

THE highest position in the realm of pure fiction is claimed for BALZAC. His powerful romances form a union of lofty qualities—keen insight, profound knowledge, fascinating interest, and epigrammatic force—which, blended and clothed in the mist of an undefinable allurement, place him alone and peerless in the heights of classic fiction. This is not the arbitrary opinion of a few, but the consensus of criticism in three great countries.

If your library is to contain the choicest thought of the world, why not include the greatest novelist? If you read fiction, why not read the best—the novels of wide-world interest and enduring charm?

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—PROF. TRENT, in the Warner Library.

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This is the only full and exact American printing of the famous Saintsbury Edition. Others so claiming are fraudulent or garbled. We have purchased the exclusive American rights of publication for the edition and reset it in new type. The text is translated by well-known English scholars; and we have added three stories originally lacking in the series.

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Address .....

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Among the thousands of young men and young women who in a few days will go back to school and college are many who are ambitious to help defray the expenses of tuition through personal effort. To do so without interfering with regular college duties is entirely feasible. The publishers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST want a live representative in every college town in the country to look after the subscription business of the magazine there, and will help in making the work a success.

A young lady who in a few weeks will enter the largest musical conservatory in the country says: **"Through the Post's offer I shall be able to finish my course without expense to my parents."**

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Largest Nursery. *Fruit Book Free.* Result of 76 years' experience.
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Razall LOOSE LEAF LEDGER

SCOTT COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

Davenport, Iowa, Aug. 11, 1900.

THE H. G. RAZALL MFG. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN—The Loose Leaf Ledgers shipped on June 7th, arrived in due time, as per agreement. We are now using fourteen of your Ledgers with Transfer Ledgers, etc., and find them satisfactory in every respect. They are such a convenience that we could under no consideration return to the old style Ledgers.

Very truly yours, J. R. HASS, Cashier.

The above is from a letter received from a customer who, after using six Razall Loose Leaf Ledgers for almost three years, and after investigating practically every other system on the market, gave us an order for eight more. That ought to prove the quality. We'll prove its adaptability to your business if you send for our circulars.

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Established 1891. Capital, $1,500,000

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Factory to Family by mail, postpaid

Our great $3.00 black gauntlet fur gloves; ladies' Mocha kid gloves, in any color, $1.25; men's Mocha and Reindeer gloves, unlined and silk lined, $1.50 to $3.00; many other kinds of gloves and mittens, 60 cents and upwards, all in illustrated booklet, "Glove Points." Natural Black Galloway, Calfskin, and other fur coats; Galloway whole hide robes, Taxidermy and Head Mounting in booklet "Moth-Proof." Do you want hides or skins tanned for rugs or robes? Get our "Custom Tan Folder." We also buy raw furs.

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Americans in Paris

MILE after mile the road ran through the forest of Rambouillet, where the partridges drummed and the pheasants fluttered; then it dipped into a valley and crossed a little river; then mounted again and twisted away through the forest of Dourdan. At Ablis is an old house where William the Conqueror lived in his day; a little farther on is the white château of the Marais, where an American countess came for her honeymoon.

On the gates of the park were huge yellow posters, announcing a sheriff's sale of the furniture and contents of the château, the stables and dependencies—the Louis Quinze furniture of the salon and the pots and pans in the kitchen, the sixteen carriages in the stables and the seven thousand five hundred bottles of wine in the cellars, the beds and books and bric-à-brac—all being the property of the Count Boni de Castellane and the Countess Boni de Castellane (née Gould), and to be sold Sunday, August 19, at public auction: for particulars apply to Monsieur Hemard, bailiff, at Dourdan.

An old serving-man led me through the château and wagged his head dolefully as he talked of the coming sale. Perhaps he wondered, as I did, how much American gold it takes to regild a foreign escutcheon.

When Anna Gould was married in 1895 she brought her millions into France. She built herself a pink marble palace in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, an exact copy of the famous Trianon of Versailles, at a cost of millions of francs. She got her handsome husband made a member of the Chamber of Deputies. She has a yacht in the Mediterranean. There are a dozen American countesses in Paris, and she was the most envied of them all.

But there were yellow posters on the park gates of the Château du Marais, though, after all, the sale was stopped. A queer thing is life; when the Countess de Castellane thinks it over she must consider it a very queer thing indeed.

Politeness as a Life-Saver

Three days later, Vendôme; in the public square of the town I stopped at a little shop to have a punctured tire repaired.

"Have you seen our new statue?" said the man; "yonder in the square—it's a very fine thing—Rochambeau."

The American who travels in France takes his country with him. There is hardly a canton without its American souvenir—or countess. This statue to the glory of the man who forced Cornwallis to surrender at Yorktown was presented to his birthplace by Americans and unveiled by the American Ambassador. Not all republics are ungrateful. I don't remember very much about Rochambeau's career. Yorktown is enough.

But the little man of Vendôme, as he pumped up my wheel, told me an anecdote which proves that politeness, like honesty, is the best policy. During the Reign of Terror the Convention had condemned the old hero to death. With a crowd of unfortunates he was ordered into the wagon that was to take them to the guillotine. Courteously the old man stepped aside that Malesherbes and his companions in death might get in first. The wagon was full before his turn came.

"Take him back," said the headsman; "he can go with to-morrow's batch."

But when to-morrow came Robespierre had fallen and the reign of the guillotine was over. It was a lesson in politeness, and when the little shopman and I parted we took off our hats to each other. One never knows what may happen in this land of revolutions.

To Paris and Réjane

From Vendôme to Paris is 120 miles, if you follow the bicycle route by Chartres; we made it in three days, which is not so bad, if you will kindly bear in mind that "we" includes a small woman and a dog—said dog riding in a basket on the handle-bars.

Then Paris——

Paris and letters; Paris and invitations to President Loubet's "three o'clock" and General Andre's "at home"; Paris with its absurd jangle that mocks at the green forests and sneers at the tranquillity of the sunny fields. Put it to yourself; where would you have gone—what would you have done? The little dog of the family lay down in her basket, glad to be home, and went to sleep; perhaps she was more sensible than the big folks.

"What's in that letter?"

"Seats for the Vaudeville Theatre—it's the Sans Gêne night."

"And you want to go?"

"I'll be dressed before you are."

It should be said that this is the front saddle of the tandem talking back to the man who does the pedaling.

Vaudeville Theatre in Paris; Réjane's box, the vestibule, even the staircases are smothered with roses and lilies and violets. Porel, the manager of the theatre and the husband of Réjane, looms ponderous and smiling among the flowers. He leads us up a maze of stairs and through iron doors and across a stage cumbered with perfumed actresses, to Réjane's dressing-room. Then Réjane comes in to us and says: "But I work for my little boy Jacques—he is fourteen now, and for Germaine, my daughter, who is as old as I was when I was married." When you talk to a woman about her children the ice is broken. I asked her what she was going to do with the little boy who was to inherit her glory.

"When I played in Berlin, the Emperor of Germany gave me this bracelet," she said; it was a woman's answer.

Mr. Hughes and the Novelist

This American in Paris was Mr. Rupert Hughes, who writes athletic books for boys, and when the boys read his books they go out and punch each other's heads in the noblest way imaginable. He has just come from London and the fog was in his eyes and his hair was still full of smoke. He shook hands warmly, and even before he asked after my health he said: "Do you know X——?"

"No," said I, "I do not know him."

"Not know X——, the English novelist?" Mr. Hughes said reproachfully.

I assured him that no one was so darkly and desperately ignorant of said novelist as I was.

"Strange," said Mr. Hughes; "a man with a black silk hat, yellow gloves, blue necktie—very pleasant man?"

"No."

"I'll tell you. On July 6, 1900, I was going up to London by the night mail from Glasgow. I met Mr. X——. When he told me he was one of the greatest writers of England, bar Kipling and Miss Corelli, I was glad I had met him. As we were leaving the train he discovered that he had forgotten his pocketbook. He thought he had left it on the night table of his room at the Phipps-Cockburn hotel in Glasgow. So he borrowed four pounds from me—twenty dollars, one hundred francs. He took my address, thanked me and went away, after borrowing an additional eighteen pence for his cabfare.

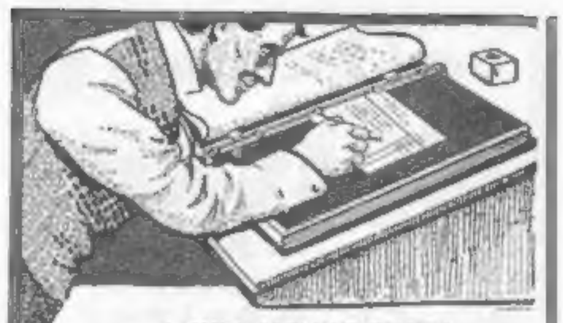
"Now listen." Mr. Hughes looked a little like the Ancient Mariner as he fixed me with his glittering eye, and continued: "Yesterday, August 29, 1900, at 9:20 P. M., I arrived in Paris and drove at once to the Grand Hotel. After I had taken a room I went for a little walk on the Boulevards before supper. The first person I met was X——, the great English novelist. He seemed to be very glad to see me. He explained that he had lost my address, and we laughed a great deal at his carelessness. Then he said that he had nothing smaller than a one thousand franc note, but if I'd come to supper with him he'd pay his debt—and the supper. We went to the Café Americain. Mr. X—— gave the waiter his silk hat and yellow gloves and ordered a magnificent supper. There were partridges, I remember; very good indeed. After supper Mr. X—— said: 'The cigars here are not good—just wait a moment and I'll go to the corner and get some good Havanas!' He took his silk hat and his yellow gloves and went out. And do you know," said Mr. Hughes with a puzzled look, "I waited three hours and he didn't come back?"

"Probably he lost the address," I suggested.

"It may be," said Mr. Hughes thoughtfully; "he is certainly very forgetful—do you know he even forgot to pay for the supper. It was eighty-four francs without the tip. You will pardon me for troubling you with this story, but I thought perhaps you might know him and, of course, you will understand I am anxious to get back my twenty dollars—not to mention the supper."

And this story is as true as a twenty-two carat wedding ring, except that I have not given the name of the forgetful British novelist.

—*Vance Thompson.*



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This **DESK $19.30**

50 in. long, 30 in. wide, quarter-sawed oak front, oak throughout, letter files, blank drawers, document file, pigeon hole boxes, extension slides, letter holders and drops. Large, complete, attractive and convenient. Desks $10 and up. Can furnish your Office or Home throughout at FACTORY PRICES. Prices so low agents can sell at good profits. Catalog No. 93, Office Furniture. Catalog No. 94, House Furniture.

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For the ideal of Healthful Sleep is attained by using them. They are made of **Pure, Snow-White Wool, Perfectly Cleansed and Sterilized,** by a process which we alone possess, which makes them **Odorless and Dustless, and so Light and Fluffy. Warmest and Lightest Made.**

Write for samples and a descriptive booklet. We are manufacturers of high grade woolen productions.

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Superb for the Home Table

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Elastic Ribbed

UNION SUITS

Cover the entire body like an additional skin. Fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure, ***No buttons down the front.*** Made for men, women and young people. Most convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset. *Made in great variety of fabrics and weights.*

Sold by Best Dealers Everywhere

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Arabic Typewriters

One of the most interesting of recent inventions is an Arabic typewriter, which has just been patented. Inasmuch as Arabic writing has no fewer than six hundred and thirty-eight distinct characters, the difficulties to be overcome are obvious. There are, however, in Arabic only twenty-nine letters, each letter having many different forms. One letter, for example, has sixty-five forms, the purpose of this variety in forms being that each letter shall join with the adjacent letters, whatever their shape.

This condition of affairs, obviously, is hard on the typesetter, and for a long time past Arabic scholars have desired to contrive compromise characters, so to speak, which would join well enough, and which at the same time would be satisfactory to readers of the written language. This has at length been accomplished and, as one of the results of the chirographic reform, an Arabic typewriter will soon be placed on the market. Thus Arab merchants in this country and all over the world will be able to conduct their correspondence much more easily than hitherto. The Arabic language is in use today in Egypt, Persia and Arabia.

Such an achievement gives hope that there may yet arrive a Chinese typewriter, notwithstanding the fact that in that language twenty-four thousand distinct characters are in accepted use among the educated.

Freaks in Advertising

The art of printing has found, within recent years, a good many developments of which the average well-informed person knows nothing. Machines, for example, have been patented for printing on matches. The matches are thrown into a hopper, whereupon a revolving wheel receives them one by one in its teeth and carries them beneath the instrument that stamps the legend upon them. Another contrivance prints upon gunwads data which inform the sportsman, when he looks into the end of each cartridge, how much powder it contains and what is the size of the shot.

The printing on stockings, which includes the trade-mark and often some such words as "Fast Black," is done by a machine made for that sole purpose. Another machine prints lettering on cigars, and yet another adorns barrels with the firm names of the concerns whose products fill them. There is a special device for printing on the ends of spools of thread, and another for putting letters on buckets. One of the most curious contrivances is a machine for printing on gelatine capsules. Another device is for printing on broom-handles the name and address of the manufacturer. The lettering on collars and cuffs, which states the trade-mark and number, is done by a machine built for that particular purpose.

But the very newest contrivance in this class of inventions is a machine for printing advertisements on the asphalt pavements of streets. It is a species of bicycle, the tire of the front wheel having a series of raised letters on its periphery. These letters, as the wheel revolves, print the name of a soap, or what not, while an automatic blower at the bottom of the fork blows the dust away from the pavement in front.

A Find of Rose-Garnet

The Bureau of American Republics reports that an extensive deposit of rose-garnet, situated near Cuautlay, in Mexico, is to be worked on a large scale. It promises to bring in the market a price equal to that of the finest onyx, which it surpasses in beauty. The deposit in question was discovered by a New York scientist.

This "rosalite," as it is otherwise called, is a white sandstone filled with beautiful little crystals of garnet, which are too soft to be useful as gems. The clusters of crystals, which are of columnar form, are arranged in a sort of giant causeway fashion, the starlike groups of them, scattered all through the rock, giving a very beautiful effect. It is said that the material takes a high polish, representing "living roses in stone."

It will be used for making mantelpieces, table-tops, wainscoting and various articles of ornament. Some months ago five tons of rose-garnet from the Mexican quarries were shipped to New York, selling in the rough for twenty-five dollars per cubic foot.

"What's in a Name?"

No. 238. New Scotch Golf Cape, made of reversible imported Scotch plaid shawl, elaborately tailored with satin stitched overlaid seams. Natty, high-class, ultra fashionable and comfortable, well worth double this price **$7.50.**

When it's **"Mandel"** on a gown or outer garment it means:

STYLE—Original creations that America's best dressers have looked to for fifty years.

FIT—Exclusive fashion followers recognize the perfection of a "Mandel"—so different from the ordinary.

FINISH—Only the most excellent high-grade garments bear the name of "Mandel."

SUPERIORITY—of workmanship, best grade of materials, richness of design, correctness in detail, and highest possible standard—such are "Mandel's."

Our new Fall and Winter Cloak and Suit Book **No. 23** replete with a galaxy of beautiful outer garments sent free for the asking.

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Keep Your Clothes In This Bag MADE OF CLOTH

Positively Proof Against Moth, Wrinkles and Dust

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Price, $1.75

Single Bag will be delivered anywhere in the United States or Canada on receipt of $1.75, delivery prepaid; two or more, 10 per cent. discount.

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Garments always ready for use; easily examined; no disinfectants; no trouble. *Saves Expense.*

Bag opens at the bottom, and closes with a simple device.

ENTIRELY NEW IDEA

Coat, Vest, Trousers or other garments are suspended upon a combined clothes hanger within the bag.

Bag remains hanging while placing garments in and while removing them.

Imperial Specialty Co.
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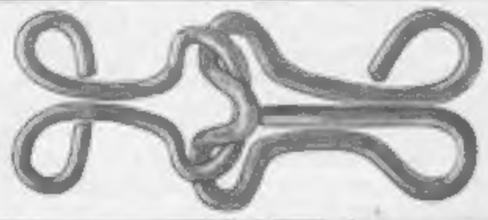

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Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

MR. H. J. WHIGHAM, who was a war correspondent in South Africa, is in China as the correspondent of a London newspaper. It will now be rather difficult to say whether Mr. Whigham is an English or an American journalist. By birth he is neither, being a Scotchman from Ayrshire.

Most people in America, indeed, remember him best as the amateur champion of America, for two years, in the national game of his native country, golf. But Mr. Whigham did not come to America to play golf. Curiously enough he came to deliver lectures on English literature, in connection with University Extension work in Iowa and Nebraska, being recommended for this by the authorities of Oxford University, of which he was a recent graduate.

Having taught his hearers what he knew of the English poets, Mr. Whigham, on his way back, stopped in Chicago, met a few people, found a good golf course or two, and fell afresh a victim to the charms of the game. It occurred to him meanwhile to experiment with journalism, and he was soon furnishing special articles for several Chicago papers.

Then Lake Forest University asked him to become an instructor there. Meanwhile he became golf champion. The next turn was to become dramatic and musical critic of a Chicago paper. Later, he went to Cuba for that paper, and afterward to London as its special correspondent.

When war broke out in South Africa the London papers had no satisfactory opening for Mr. Whigham, so he took a steamer to America, stayed in New York two days, caught the next steamer back, spent a day in London, caught the next steamer to Cape Town, and so finally sniffed the air of war with the eagerness which the real war correspondent always feels.

His has been a fairly varied career, and although now he seems to be settling down, if one can employ that phrase, to the restless life of a war correspondent, you can never tell what company Mr. Whigham will be found in. He is equally at home with a general, a Scotch professional golf player, an actor, an American newspaper man, an Oxford professor, or a prima donna of the grand opera. He is always imperturbable. He would win a golf championship without turning a hair.

If you ask him about the danger when he was imprisoned by the Spaniards in Havana, all you can get out of him will be that the prison restaurant was the best he found in Cuba. The comforts and discomforts of life he accepts with calm. If he has to sleep on the ground in South Africa and go without food for two days, he will do it without a murmur. He may be late for every appointment; he once came to the dock five minutes too late for a transatlantic liner on which he had paid for his passage; but he will always get his "copy" in on time.

How Mr. Dooley Surprised Kipling

Mr. Kipling was explaining a while ago to an interested visitor from America how quickness and intelligence of observation, and a kind of instinctive insight, sometimes enables the foreigner to know, in a short time, more of one's country than one does one's self. He pointed the remark by a reference to Mr. Peter Dunne's visit to England.

During it, Mr. Kipling met Mr. Dunne, and the conversation by some chance touched upon the London 'bus conductor, and anecdote and observation were exchanged.

"Here was Dunne," declares Mr. Kipling, "in London for only a short time, and already he knew the 'bus driver—knew him, mind you, and he's a most curious type and most characteristic—knew him better than most Londoners I have ever met."

The tribute to "Mr. Dooley's" acumen and penetrating observation was well deserved; how well deserved Mr. Kipling does not know. Mr. Dunne does know the London 'bus driver. But if any one in Chicago will catch Mr. Dunne during a moment of leisure and ask him how many times he rode on top of an omnibus, Mr. Dunne will be forced to admit that it was just once.

Mr. Rook's Dangerous Hero

People who read Mr. Clarence Rook's book, The Hooligan Nights, and grew interested in the career of that ruffian and thief, Young Alf, who was the hero of the volume, knew of course that he was a real person. How very real a person he is, Mr. Rook and his publisher in London, Mr. Grant Richards, did not learn until a considerable time after the public's first interest in Young Alf had passed.

Young Alf was first discovered by a broken-down journalist who drifted into the Lambeth slums and, meeting the boy, tried to put on record some of his curious experiences. But the journalist's hand had lost something of its old cunning, and when the manuscript came into Mr. Richards' hands he thought the subject too good for its treatment, and decided that a new writer should be induced to write Young Alf's story. So after a conference of Mr. Richards with Mr. Rook, the journalistic discoverer received a handsome payment for his manuscript and the introduction which he effected between Rook and Young Alf. It was deemed best to tell Young Alf that he was to be written about, and it was judged wise to give him something as an inducement to talk.

All went well. Young Alf told Mr. Rook stories and took him to see strange haunts of thieves in the Lambeth Walk. The book was published, and, as it was well reviewed, author and publisher viewed the situation with complacency.

Then Young Alf took his innings. He appeared at Mr. Richards' office and said that he was going to be married and that ten pounds would be a welcome wedding present. He got that. Then callers at the publisher's office began to notice a strange visitor emerging from Mr. Richards' private room; no spectacled scholar, or novelist of the flowing locks, but a tough-looking youth in a cloth cap, with a blue and white spotted handkerchief around his neck in place of a collar. Young Alf alleged that his grandmother had just died, and in view of the injury done to his character by the book Mr. Richards had published he thought this a suitable occasion for another little gift. Then shortly a child was born and Young Alf felt that another opportunity for practical generosity had arisen. And opportunities arose thicker and faster, till a halt was called. Then Young Alf suggested that he would go off and "bash" Mr. Rook, his picturesque phrase for a violent assault. Fortunately he did not know Mr. Rook's address. And fortunately for Mr. Richards it is not wise to try to "bash" a man in his own office where there are plenty of clerks who could call in the police. Eventually Young Alf, finding "bashing" impracticable and his position untenable, withdrew his demand and decided to be friendly. But it is probable that for a time Mr. Rook and his publisher thought more highly of purely imaginative fiction than of studies from real life.

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